

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 22, 1980

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THE LEGACY OF LENNON



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EDITORIAL

'Restless spirits depart, still we're deep in each other's heart...'



By Peter C. Newman

Hew was a man of invincible innocence. His words could trigger your memory or desire and send you off in search of your own humanity. Yet his message was always simple: connect yourself to life and love—but on your own terms.

John Lennon, so seamlessly turned down in New York last week, was no ordinary troubadour. The songs that survive him are less lyrics than fables, thoughts and themes that transcended the weary domain of disco-jockeydom. The philosophy of life he espoused may have appeared to lend itself better to T-shirt slogans than deep dissertations, but there was, in everything he wrote, an existential lustre that did away with poses and pat answers. It was the Lancashire in him. He was always out there right on the leading edge of things, like an astronaut walking in space.

The mockery of Lennon's lyrics, his complex imagery, as in *Nowhere Man* ("He's as blind as he can be, just sees what he wants to see"), and creative dirges like *My Hopes* ("Wood [my own favorite] pushed madras music into a whole new realm").

In that magic time when the young Beatles regaled, they sang the saucy anthems of change which told of a generation figuring out how it should behave, what it should believe about love, war, parents, drugs, sex,

Christ and haircuts. The kids lucky enough to grow up with the Liverpool foursome discovered that they weren't alone, that they no longer had to emulate their elders. Together they created the miracle of the 1960s counterculture—a welcome contrast to the crew cuts and lobby suits who preceded them and the self-absorbed neo-decade complainers who followed.

John Lennon's music contained a claim ("We're more popular than Jesus Christ") may sound hollow now, but how many sermons have delivered a more direct or meaningful absolutism than his *Give Peace a Chance*? The most independent and political of the Beatles, he never strayed from his well-based sense of the absurd when he wanted to be anonymous, he would call himself Greta Hughes or Howard Garbo.

The disillusioned graduates of the 1960s never gave up yearning for the Beatles to reemerge, as if seeing them onstage again would affirm that all those brave dreams hadn't just been a fad or a costume party. Now it can never happen. Yesterday is ours to bear but not to have, and we'll never be that young again.

In his final album, *Imagine*, Lennon sings to his lost Sons: "Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans." It's so true. Still, John Lennon's most fitting epitaph could well be Don McLean's *American Pie*. His assassination marked the day the music died.

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A new line from the pitchman

Promises to do as moving says are greeted cynically by the British

By David Thomas

Like an aging actress who tries to revive her act with more titillating costumes and a sinner stage name, René Lévesque's hackles Parti Québécois is bumping away under yet another pseudonym, *Solidaire Québec*. Just as it did last spring in trying to disguise itself for the referendum campaign as the *Régionopense*, Lévesque is now, the PQ is attempting to hide itself behind an ostensibly nonpartisan common front of loyal Quebecers. This time, the Quebecers are those opposed to Prime Minister Trudeau's constitutional coup. *Solidaire Québec* did its inaugural last week to 857 Montreal's Forum with 14,000 doubtful nationalists, summoned to hear Premier Lévesque's standard anti-Ottawa harangue and a Moussik-like medley of Québécois bad-ass performed, not in the earnest style of recent past but by a full concert orchestra dressed in black tie. Except for the party's determined cadre of organizers who stalked the hockey arena, there was not a wiffler here that this was in fact a PQ show. But, be it *Solidaire* or just bad burlesque, the *Solidaire-Québec* spectacle failed to attract the one watcher for whom it was really intended: the British government.

Monday, while news of the previous afternoon's Forum show dominated the front pages, British High Commissioner to Canada Sir John Ford called upon Lévesque in Quebec City, at the premier's request. Though the meeting was never announced to the public, Lévesque led out his government's stated demand that the United Kingdom has a clear legal duty to refuse Trudeau's attempt to reduce provincial powers. If Britain imposed a charter of rights and a constitutional amendment forcing upon the provinces, Lévesque told the high commissioner, his country would be in violation of Canadian law.

It's not that the arguments themselves were unimpressive. They are powerful, thanks mainly to the masterful simplicity of the Quebec government's legal counsel in the case, Yves Pratte, a former chairman of Air Canada and for two years until he resigned in 1973, a justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. Pratte, an esteemed federalist, twice flew to England this fall to counsel the government on constitutional questions and Cambridge University to assure that Quebec's brief to the British would be in terms the old Mother Country would appreciate. Essentially, Pratte reasoned in his memorandum to the British Select Committee on Foreign Affairs, Trudeau's rights charter would directly reduce the legislative authority of the provinces without their consent. It would, therefore, violate the British North America Act and the Statute of Westminster, which confer upon Britain the duty to protect provincial sovereignty.

Britain's government and particularly its foreign office

resent the embarrassment caused them by Trudeau's scheme to have Westminster do his dirty work, though Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher publicly repeats that her House of Commons will deal with the Canadian government's request expeditiously once it is received. But in private, Trudeau's government has been silently armed by British diplomatic officials to drop the contentious character of rights and amending formula from the parties' request.

But Quebec, too, is the object of Britain's maternal ire. Annoyed like a mother whose whining children draw her into their petty squabbles, British diplomats have chastised Lévesque's government for lobbying in London while at the same time refusing to argue its case in Ottawa, where Canada's own parliamentary committee is studying the Trudeau constitutional package. Moreover, Lévesque

was told by the high commissioner that Britain would be more impressed with the proposal if there were some sign that Quebec and its protesting siblings were offering some constructive alternatives to the Trudeau package. So, hardly had the British diplomat left Lévesque's office Monday but the Quebec premier was on the phone to the other five anti-Ottawa premiers, suggesting that they meet to agree on their own proposal for an amending formula.

But such Christmas Eve promises to do as moving says are greeted cynically by the British, who also consider that

Lévesque's government is treating the public with as much disrespect as it did in last May's referendum push for sovereignty-association. For a government so concerned about the status of the French language, it chose a curiously low-class location as the focus of a \$1-million anti-Ottawa advertising campaign. Four pas se faire avec! (Better not be taken in!) Not only is the slogan cheap and grammatically wrong, the color brochure distributed in Quebec households misrepresents language officials, giving it an extra L.

Most embarrassing of all, in the eyes of the British, is the Lévesque government's contention that Quebec is so threatened that it can't afford the distraction of a provincial election, even though the government has gone beyond the normal four-year mandate. By not giving federal leader Claude Ryan a chance to take power, believe the British, Lévesque has seriously weakened the influence in Westminster of Quebec and all the provinces. The PQ's enemies are at best suspect, and Ryan would be a far greater foil to Trudeau's plan. The Lévesque government's latest boycott-boycott slogan, in well stage-managed but, for its sophisticated British audience, there's a discerning flaw: the new costume is too transparent.

David Thomas is Maclean's Quebec bureau chief.



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



Disarmament is the only defence

'Nuclear weapons have changed everything, except our thinking'

By T. James Stark

I regret to say that I share the pessimistic expectations of most Canadians, who apparently feel that Canada will be at war this decade (department of national defence [1981] poll, *The Globe and Mail*, Nov. 6, 1980). My problem with the pessimistic poll is that it assumes that the next logical question should deal with the prospects for coexistence.

If Canada is at war in the 1980s, I think we can safely assume the enemy will be the Soviet Union, which would involve the U.S. And if the superpowers are at war, we're undoubtedly looking at nuclear weapons.

There is no defence against nuclear weapons. In the event of a nuclear war, the department of national defence would be utterly and completely incapable of delivering so much as a shred of armed protection for the country they love and seek to defend. It's a genuine dilemma.

As Albert Einstein once said, "Nuclear weapons have changed everything, except our thinking." The appropriate question now is that how the devil are we supposed to achieve a measure of actual national security in the age of nuclear conflict?

Since the 1950s, the pursuit of national security by the superpowers has been based on the theory of deterrence. Although we may have to credit deterrence with the prevention of nuclear war so far, there are just two small problems. First, the mutual deterrence fails; we are left with global assured destruction. And secondly, many influential Americans are now talking about their new belief that the U.S. can fight and win a nuclear war. Surely, then, we cannot accept deterrence as a permanent state of affairs for the rest of human history.

There is another alternative to national security. In 1978, the United Nations held a six-week Special Session on Disarmament. Miraculously, a final document emerged that was agreeable to all member states. This document asserts, inter alia, that "the accumulation of weapons today constitutes much more a threat than a protection for the future of mankind. The time has therefore come to put an end to this situation, to abandon the use of force in international relations and to seek security in disarmament."

At first blush this seems to be a contradiction, since nations have always sought security in exactly the opposite direction—in armaments. But we would do well to remember that for almost all of human history, every individual was armed, and every city was armed. We have achieved the disarmament of individual people and the disarmament of cities, and thus improved security. If we are now to change our thinking about national security, we must consider the merits of the case for security through disarmament.



The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. negotiated a detailed concept in 1959 called General and Complete Disarmament, as the known alternative to a permanent arms race. This historic agreement was ratified unanimously by all governments in the UN General Assembly in 1961.

General S.L.M. Borrie, a former official Canadian adviser for disarmament, points out that since the concept of General and Complete Disarmament allows each nation to retain a modest conventional force, its total implementation wouldn't require Canada to dismantle so much as a single bullet. So, inevitably, if 1961 could grasp the real meaning of Canadian national security in the nuclear age, they would be pushing for world disarmament—not coexistence.

One weakness of world disarmament lies in the reality that 36 years of negotiations have produced no concrete results whatever. The arms race thunders on at a mind-boggling cost of an estimated \$300 billion a year in spite of the agreement of all nations in 1958 that we must proceed to disarmament or face annihilation. This potentially successful lack of political will calls for a new approach to the problem, and the answer may well be a Global Referendum on Disarmament to let the people of all nations voice a common demand for an end to the threat of nuclear war.

The Canadian-born idea has attracted the support of dozens of respected organizations, including the Canadian Labour Congress, the Canadian Council of Churches and the National Union of Students. The world-wide concept has been endorsed by 70 municipalities, including Vancouver, Edmonton, Toronto and Ottawa, representing four million Canadians. It has won the support of 38 Liberal MPs, 25 Conservative MPs and all 32 New Democratic Party MPs.

A mandate in the order of 80 per cent or better, from the entire human race, may well come to represent an irresistible force for change. Three months of lobbying in New York demonstrated that the global referendum would probably pass unanimously in the UN General Assembly, not because the nations suddenly discovered political will, but because they would look like whipsnakes if they opposed a democratic approach to an agreed-upon goal that showed no signs of being achieved by any other means.

In my view, those who care about our national security, those who are finally ready to comprehend the nuclear age, should push for balanced, gradual (not unilateral) world disarmament and for a worldwide referendum to make the process begin.

T. James Stark is the director of Operations Demosafe, an organization dedicated to launching a global referendum on disarmament through the United Nations.



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The ghost of Christmas present

A yearly effort to damn Seroogery



Dyrdye Becket (left), President Kai Madson (upper right), assembling the hampers. This job needs to be done



By Peter Carlyle-Gordon

It wasn't exactly a normal event, but it did happen and it did give one or two of the office workers a scare. Perhaps he had had a drink or two, but the man barged in, began cussing loudly and splunked a shopping bag on the floor near the desk of the startled woman. The goods in the bag, just delivered, were neither sufficient nor satisfactory, he belittled. When a substitute hamper wasn't forthcoming, he left angrily, muttering the bag two days before Christmas came the sheepish, apologetic phone call. Perhaps he had been kooky, unreasonable. Perhaps the goods would do after all. Time was short. "Sorry," said the volunteer with icy politeness, "we've already passed your Christmas hamper on to someone in need." Oink.

In its 20-year existence, Winnipeg's Christmas Cheer Board has encountered all sorts and conditions. When there was the lady who agreed to take in a Christmas hamper for a needy nei-



Madson: blind and still knitting at 66

bour neighbor set to work. She didn't like her neighbors, so she ate the hamper's contents. "We would certainly have pressed criminal charges, had she refused to hand over \$200 to the innocent recipient," says an incredulous Dyrdye Becket, executive secretary of the board which had its beginnings in 1976, when church groups provided funds and food for families of soldiers.

Like Christmas itself, the board has

become something of an institution, briefly incorporating once a year to damn Seroogery and ensure that no one in real need goes without Christmas dinner and no needy child of 12 and under without a toy. Last year, 7,454 hampers were delivered to more than 30,000 people at a cost of \$138,462. The money, raised by media appeals, comes from boy scouts, bridge clubs, school children, pensioners, sports groups, businesses and individuals. Last year more than \$60,000 of it came from the appeals of *The Winnipeg Tribune*, now as dead

as Christmas past. "We really are worried about the loss of the *Tribune*," says Kai Madson, president of the board for the past six years. "The new *Winnipeg Sun* is trying to fill the gap left by the *Tribune* although its circulation is considerably less. We'll get by somehow."

For Dyrdye Becket, the year begins with the purchase of 3,000 balls of wool—sent out to volunteer church groups and pensioners, who knit with a vengeance throughout the year. Norse Midwinter, a blind 66-year-old, turned in nine scarves, 15 togues and 20 pairs of mitts this year. In February, there's also a tour of local toy manufacturers. Last year, Becket spent \$32,947. "Three dollars a toy in my limit, so I have become a bit of a wheeler-dealer," she laughs, as the frenzied handbags sports bags and purses for this year's 12-year-old boys and girls. "Business is very good to us, but even so it takes money." Her grocery bill last year was \$61,000 (included were 3,500 turkeys and chickens, more than 3,000 lb of candy, 600 cases of instant potatoes, more than

250 cases of vegetables and 430 cases of dessert mix).

Like some of its efforts, the Cheer Board rarely has a flood aside for any length of time, usually ending when ever building is vacant. This year it's the Provincial Garage, an airy, fairly big building.

Beside Becket, three polite young men in jeans and matching T-shirts work with a will, sorting and stacking for a production-line operation that will see more than 1,600 volunteers come and go by Christmas Eve. "They're inmates of Headingley Correctional Institute as far as us," says office secretary Margaret Watson, a mild-looking mother who clearly takes some devilish delight in her duty of walking them back to the nearby reformatory centre each night. "I don't even have to sign them in. Very trustworthy and nice. They're due for release now."

Deciding just who qualifies as a "needy" isn't always easy. Most hamper requests are sent in by social agencies. Some are suggested by neighbours or friends. "If a neighbor suggests a needy individual or family, we usually run a check first," says Becket. "Some people are proud and can be upset if a volunteer suddenly arrives with a hamper. It can also be upsetting to the volunteer drivers if they get rebuffed." Those requesting hampers for themselves, when unknown to either the agencies or the board, are visited and given a quick once-over. "We record everything so there's no duplication and an obvious abuse," says Becket. "Any complaints are checked out," she says. "Sometimes a driver may tell us a recipient lives in a house as nice as his own and seems not to be in need, but appearances are often deceptive. You don't have to live in a slum to be in need."

From a handful of office workers in November, the Cheer Board operation grows like a snowball until the last hamper has been delivered Christmas Eve. "When we really get going with the hamper-filling it's like a madhouse at times, but everyone's happy," says Becket.

With industrial precision, the hampers are sorted into geographic districts, as a colony of volunteer drivers—including a local van club—creeps in for loading.

For Cheer Board President Madson, worrying about the level of donations is a *Tribune*-less *Winnipeg*; there is still a provincial Seroogery shouting hambur and clanking the cheer. "With all these people giving time, money and effort I can't understand why we should have to pay government income tax on the toys we buy, but pay if we have to," he says with disgust. The politicians would do well to heed their ways as Seroogery did before it's too late. ☐



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tal projects. We believe natural gas is in abundant supply in Western Canada. Why is it in abundant supply? Because the access to the producer has gone up and very large volumes of gas that before were not economic have become economic.

Maclean's: So even if Canadians have this bad start in their month's about pushing more profits to the oil producers?

Gray: Who's got the bad taste in their mouth? More profits to Canadian Hunter? There are 500 to 600 companies in the oil business. The vast majority of them are Canadian companies, and yet it seems whenever we talk about the oil business we talk about the biggest six. They do a marvelous job. I might add Esso found the Leduc and Redwater fields in the late '40s and '50s with money they brought up from Milwaukee and Texas. Shell drilled 12 wells off the west coast of Canada and didn't find anything. I don't see anybody crying for Shell. The oil business is an international business. Those big companies bring major international experience to our macro-projects. Who would you rather have hold a tar sands plant for you, Esso or the post office?

Maclean's: Gray for the macro-projects. But how does Imperial Oil relate to a junior company like Canadian Hunter?

Gray: Esso was very important because we made a huge bet with it. Then, that was the \$120-million deal for only 12.5 per cent of (Canadian Hunter's) Elmworth (gas field). We had \$150 million of their money to spend drilling wells and expanding our knowledge in that field, and all they are going to earn is 12.5 per cent interest. If we had the market that day, we would have had 100 per cent of a Volkswagen. Now we have 30 per cent of a Volkswagen.

Maclean's: Couldn't you have raised that money through a Canadian pension fund, or a bank or trust company?

Gray: Absolutely not. When we started Canadian Hunter in 1973 my partner and I were looking for Canadian backing. We went to 17 or 18 Canadian corporations, none of the very large ones. Each of them at the time had their own reasons that they didn't want to own a gas business. Why couldn't we have gone to a trust company? This was a risk investment. The money from banks and trust companies is for secured, reliable types of investments. They weren't interested in the outside opportunity. They just don't want to lose their money.

Maclean's: As a Canadian citizen, do you feel you have any more responsibility for the national interest than you would if you were foreign? (By: Shelly)

Gray: We are talking about control and ownership. The Canadian people already control Esso and Shell. They tell

'Who would you rather have build a tar sands project—Esso or the post office?'



per cent of the industry. **Gray:** Now that's a different thing. It is economically sensible for Canadians to buy petroleum industries! All we have to do is go out and buy the shares on the stock market.

Maclean's: Right. The 20 per cent of Imperial Oil that is not already held by Esso.

Gray: First, but I don't see Canadians rushing out to buy shares. Recently, Gulf Canada came out with a big new share distribution and they had to sell most of them in the States because the underwriters believed Canadians didn't want to buy their shares. When we buy one of those companies we don't find one single drop of oil. We tie up billions of dollars in Canadian credit. That is a currency use of Canadian financial resources. I hear Petro-Canada is now going to buy something else. How much is that going to find Canadian? Not so barrel. Security of supply is a bottom line. I would rather have 30 companies out there than one. Nine rather



An Alberta gas drilling rig, and Canadian Hunter technicians (lower) spectacularly right

them how much they can get for their oil, when they can sell it, and to whom and for how much and what the royalties will be. There isn't any part of our business that isn't controlled by government. So in terms of control, we completely control them already.

Maclean's: But is that not only one 30

then right. Competitors find oil and gas.

Maclean's: How can a small Canadian company compete with a company with resources like Imperial Oil or Shell?

Gray: They need at least some government support?

Gray: I raised a fellow in Ottawa yesterday

to argue the five largest energy projects in North America that will produce new energy over the next two to six years. He said we will have one or two tar sands plants, and maybe the Syncrude coal program in the United States and maybe Hibernia. He missed the biggest one. Elmworth is the largest. It is 60 per cent Canadian-owned, and being primarily developed by a company started in 1975. How can the little guy compete? Simply by being smart, lucky, not being fighting, and not being supported artificially.

Maclean's: But Canadian Hunter is the exception.

Gray: There are lots of little companies in their own way doing the same thing. Canadian companies are doing 60 per cent of the exploration and 80 per cent of the drilling in Western Canada today. We have a major Canadian presence out there. What is unreasonable is me as this old government will introduce taxes to Canadianize the oil industry while at the same time introducing policies that are pushing Canadian companies out of their own country.

Maclean's: How's that?

Gray: They won't let us sell our gas. **Maclean's:** You mean they won't let you export it to the U.S.

Gray: You've got to be able to sell your product to stay in business. What are we supposed to do? A big company, like a supermarket, can turn off its engines for a year or two and it won't completely shut. But these little Canadian companies, take away their markets and you take away their drive and power source and they are dead in the water instantly. They have borrowed money at the bank to drill these wells.

Maclean's: We have the most precious resources any industrial country can have—energy. But it's not renewable. Why should we sell it to the U.S.?

Gray: There are hundreds of thousands of Canadians working for the American market—miners, manufacturers, builders. Energy is precious. But what you are inferring is that it is dangerously short supply. The reality is we have enormous quantities of natural gas. As the price goes up, more and more resources become reserves. If you can't produce at a profit, it just sits in the ground. So in the Elmworth field we can use as much as 430 trillion cubic feet of total reserves. We only use a trillion and a half cubic feet a year in this country and we export another trillion a year to the United States. If, like us, you have spent \$600 million, you have an understanding of supply that tells you there are very, very large volumes of gas out there.

Maclean's: How serious is the short-shouldered energy crisis?

Gray: It's really serious. There isn't a single Canadian company in Calgary

that I know that either has not already or is not immediately planning to move part, and sometimes a lot, of its operations to the United States. I am not worried about the money, it's the people. Exploration talent. Today's explorers are tomorrow's producers. The explorers people are the high-risk-takers. They are the researchers in the business—high-risk, (un)governmental.

Maclean's: Are you convinced by the economic nationalists?

Gray: The Canadian content of our industry is being destroyed by three economic nationalists. The Canadian con-

panies like Canadian Hunter are being looked out of Canada by their attitudes and policies. I am as good a Canadian as they build. And yet we are being forced to incorporate American talent. I don't know why we (Canadians) have no more self-inflicted wounds. For instance, they won't let us market our surplus gas. That's a self-inflicted wound. They kick us out of the country or they make us close up shop or not grow. That's a self-inflicted wound. Why don't we look at these things positively? Why can't we be aggressive and positive for a change? ☐

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Congratulations Canada!

I would like to convey my sincere congratulations for your article (about us in the *New Land* (Cover, Oct. 27). It was indeed well written, positive and warm.

—MARLENE BRIDGEMAN, Toronto

The joy, happiness and great-to-be-able feeling expressed on the little boy's face in your article on the Boat People will surely dispel fears, doubts and misgivings some may entertain about our judgments being faulty, prompted by emotion rather than reason. It could be a combination of both. We saw on our TV screens the other despair, grief, horror and suffering so deeply etched on the faces and emaciated bodies of this unfortunate mass of humanity. The boy's exuberance on your cover should assure us the judgments we have made are noble and worthy of our highest altruistic sentiments. Well done Canada!

—CLIFFORD S. STALL, Prince Alfred, Sask.

I was deeply concerned by the love and content of your cover story on the Boat People. The report gives a glowing account of these new citizens and fosters the belief that further large-scale immigration is possible while creating any description of the negative impact of these people on our society. People who take advantage of medical plans, school and social assistance without having paid the taxes needed for these institutions to exist are receiving an incredibly generous gift. Our nation, in my opinion, cannot afford to share both



Refugees: despair, grief and suffering

its wealth and its future at this point in time. It is an undeniable fact that more people living off shrinking resources erodes the quality of life.

—RICHARD WISNY, Vancouver

A blighted beauty

Everything Peter C. Newman says about Canada as a multicultural mosaic (*Our Giant Welcome Mat for Refugees* in a *Planet World*, Editorial, Oct. 27) and a haven of hope for refugees is true and very beautiful. There is a coun-

tervening reality, however, also true and very ugly. That reality is the desperate worker from the West Indies who has no civil rights nor recourse to law; the refugee from Latin America whose entry is blocked because we do not accept that his right to flee the repression of fascism equals the right of Indo-Chinese and Eastern Europeans to flee the repression of communism. Beauty can give hope and energy, only the fuller truth will assure that this beauty endures, is protected and is finally shared by all Canadians.

—BLANKENHORN
President, Ottawa-Carleton
Immigrant Services Organization,
Ottawa

Pennies from heaven

In your *People* section (Aug. 26) you listed a group of volunteer evangelists, as you called them, and showed the names you gave credit to Jenny Sougart for the program *Day of Discovery*. *Day of Discovery* is not a part of the Jenny Sougart organization and should not be listed with them; that makes weekly plans for money. One of the distinctions of the Radio Bible Class ministry is the fact that we never mention the need for money either through our broadcast or in our literature ministry, even though we have the same needs as others.

—GORDON R. WASHENAK
Executive Director,
Mutual Media Managers,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The rights fight

I was delighted to read Janice J. Tall's astute argument in her article *Share and Share Alike* (Podium, Oct. 27). The proposal to have women's rights entrenched during the patriation of our constitution was well intentioned. What the facts to acknowledge is that most Canadian women do not know how to press their case. We are not all daughters of legislators. I, too, would like to read the word women beside man in the constitution, but how do I go about securing that it happens? How do we teach women that it is neither selfish nor selfish nor shameful to place their own rights as a top priority issue in the constitutional debate?

—DIANA A. KING,
Sunderland, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 410 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5G 1A7.

A bull's-eye hit

To be grafting a *passion of pure passion* to the hard from Lotus Land is a complete shock to one's system, so often times Allan Fotheringham does irritate. But the man scores a bull's-eye in *A Passage of Discovery* for Three Unsettled Men (Oct. 23). He is right on about Trudeau and Lalonde and Poirer, would that they would get into an auto and stop off at Salmon Arm, Snowflake and Red Jacket and get an idea of what the West is all about. Refreshed time and again for decades by the Liberals, westerners are fed up with being used as poor mummy cases and this part of the nation may be seriously described as the Riled West.

—GARTH PICKELL,
Wesley

How would it be if you could have Trudeau, Lalonde and Poirer finish the Terry Fox marathon from Thunder Bay to Vancouver? Besides the financial help it would give the cancer fund, they could really see the westerners and realize how many miles and people there are west of the Ontario border.

—A. DAVID,
Goderich, Ont.

Getting better all the time

As a longtime reader of your magazine, may I compliment you on the cover choice and the article entitled *Big Government Versus Big Oil* (Nov. 16). Even better, I felt Peter C. Newman's editorial *At Last—The Big Move in An All-Canadian Energy Game* was magazine, creative and went directly to the heart of the matter.

—BALMIND P. BERNES,
Toronto

Fact not fancy, please

My sincere thanks go to Jack McAndrew for *Just Tell It Like It Is* (Podium, Oct. 20). It is the best analysis of what is wrong with the media that I have ever read. The tragedy is that the nation of democracy depends on an informed electorate. The problem is that we have far too much commentary and not enough information, which is making a critical analysis of any issue almost impossible.

—FELIX FARROW,
Hamilton, Ont.

Congratulations to Jack McAndrew for his excellent article on the media. With Canada do need more journals and journalists who will accept the responsibility of "providing us with information from which we can make our own judgments and use our own perceptions of issues and events."

—FRANK SNOWELL,
Kelowna, B.C.



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CANADA

Looking for missing links

Newspaper groups have indeed become too large, too wealthy, too successful

By Robert Lewis

Although his founding companies own 180 newspapers in Europe and North America—including 50 in Canada—Kenneth B. Thomson conceded last January: "There is a limit to how many papers one man, or company, should own." Helpfully, Lord Thomson of Fleet went on to tell *The New York Times* that, while his empire* had

reformer during the Lester Pearson era (see box), Keith's old Pearson office colleague, Jim Keefe, now Pierre Trudeau's chief of staff, was the key proponent of the Keefe Commission, established last September. It was triggered by a storming series of deals at the end of August in which Thomson closed the money-losing *Ottawa Journal* and Southern shut down *The Winnipeg Tribune*—gracing the rival chain a

Winnipeg and Ottawa. Lawyers for Southern and Thomson warned that in light of the government's legal probe their clients could not be grilled on details of the deals in August—and they weren't. Instead, the commission held a series of workshops from the two consortiums lamented the passing of the papers.

The most eloquent plea came from the trade itself. In Ottawa, I Norman



not yet grown to "sufficiency" stature, "I'm sure that we will know ourselves if and when we do." The first public stirrings of a more independent view came last week in Winnipeg and Ottawa, as the Royal Commission on Newspapers opened hearings into the affairs of papers reaching five million subscribers across the land. At the rub of the inquiry is the question of whether the \$2.5-billion industry is a service or a scam.

The commission's findings, due next July 1, are not likely to be any less subjective than Thomson's. The reason is the stable of hard-nosed media veterans, some bounced from senior jobs in the business, who are gathered under Chairman Tom Keefe—himself a former disgraced editor and Liberal party

*It includes, in addition to newspapers, the *Madison's* *Bay of Islands Ltd.*, *Belton Ltd.*, *North Star* of Seattle cable television and more.

Commissioners Picard, Keefe, Spence, chair boss Thomson, piloting the commission for whatever they could get

manipoly in the two cities Thomson also withdrew from deals in Montreal and Vancouver, thus handing Southern exclusive control of *The Gazette*, the *Star* and the *Premier*. Thomson had recently also merged two papers in Victoria and sold off *The Calgary Athletes*, leaving its 77 chain with only the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, the *Winnipeg Free Press*, the *Lethbridge Herald* and the *Victoria Times-Colonial*. As Keefe opened last week, the Bureau of Competition Policy was still investigating whether or not to lay criminal charges of conspiracy to restrict competition.

That investigation cast something of a pall over four days of rambling, at times serious public sessions by Keefe's

Smith, suspended editor of the *Journal* since 1972, declared: "Newspaper groups have indeed become too large, too wealthy and thus too successful against papers seeking to survive on their own." The only real sparks of the week were ignited by Jim Bonser, former executive editor of the *Journal*, who had come to town in July, 1979 (five months before Thomson bought the paper as part of the 77 chain), to save an apparently dying afternoon paper. Bonser, now managing editor of *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, testified that the wreck of the *Journal* is a moribund colossus, and a more sprightly look, raised circulation to within 16,000 of the break-even point (80,000). But only 11 months into a three-year survival scheme launched by the previous owners and before advertising could reach circulation pinnacles, Thomson closed the paper. Former publisher Art Wood, who also presided over the death

Maclean's
EST. 1962

of *P.A. Montreal Star* in 1979, asserted that, with projected losses of \$4.6 million, the *Journal* could not have been saved. But for Rundle, Thomson's action was a "salvage of the enterprise for whatever ship could cut out of it." Challenged by Thomson lawyer Louis Monty, Rundle countered by "a substantially" letter about Thomson's remark that provided applause from several equally ambiguo *ex-Journal* workers in the Ottawa conference centre.

Senior editors in both Winnipeg and Ottawa conceded that the disappearance of competition has had negative effects—a lament that has been heard in Canada since at least 1905, when a government-ordered report called for a change in the competition laws. The present act has been a testiness point, essentially because it not only requires the Crown to prove a criminal conspiracy in media mergers, but also "prohibits" or limits undue competition." By those lights, the Supreme Court ruled in 1993 that the K.C. Irving



Devery: a certain note of déjà vu

interests did not violate the law in acquiring all five English-language dailies in New Brunswick. Only last July, the court decided in the Atlantic Sugar case that, despite a tacit understanding

to maintain historic price levels, the company did not thereby unduly cause competition. Since 1988, eight different Liberal government ministers have tried to make prosecution easier—and they have failed, largely because the government bowed to powerful newspaper lobbies, which included newspaper owners. Current minister André Gauthier is, once again, promising reform by next spring.

A similar note of déjà vu attaches to the Kent Commission. One popular theory is that newspapers should be forced to announce in advance any plans for mergers and takeovers. That just happens to have been a central recommendation of a report (The *Overseas Mirror*) by Senator Keith Duncy. It was published precisely 18 years ago last week. Then Tom Kent was a political associate of Duncy's. One of Kent's co-managers, *Toronto Star* editor Borden Spence, was Duncy's secretary until last. Now, the veteran newspaperer are back on the trail of a story that is, in a sense, a decade out of date. ◇

Kent's commission

There was no grabbing around the golden hour when central Thomas Warrall Kent entered journalism from Oxford and a stint as cypher-breaker in British intelligence, he went to the *Richmond* *Massachusetts Guardian* editor A.P. Wadsworth for his first newspaper job. He got it—after submitting a 600-word piece on guaranteed annual wages. Four years later, he moved over to *The Economist* as assistant editor. The *Ottawa* did lure him in touch with visiting Canadian politicians, including Lester Pearson of External Affairs. Those associations indirectly landed Kent the editorship of the *Winnipeg Free Press* from 1966 to 1985 and subsequently propelled him into a national role at Pearson's left hand, directing the Canadian welfare state.

The urban, pipe-puffing Kent, 56, is unlikely to suffer outrage lightly during his study of the business he knows as well. As for skepticism that his report will end up convincing the government, clearly "If the government wanted a non-stimulus commission, they probably would have appointed different people." His colleagues are hardly innocent observers of the trade, either. Laurent Picard, 58, was president of the CBC since 1982 with McGiffin Ltd., and currently is dean of McGill management studies. Borden Spence, 61, is a former editor of *Montreal's* and a 21-year veteran of the *Toronto Star*, where he has been most recently the paper's co-chairman for many years.

Kent is a government interventionist



Creery, Kent and Smith trying to be heard "To share the media"

of the first order. As *Business* press to Pearson in the 1960s, he was an architect of the national pension plan, Medicare and welfare. Later, he ran two Crown corporations in Cape Breton with a small-in-benefit bent. He is dean of administrative studies at Dalhousie University in Halifax. Kent is intent that possible violation of the anti-competition law by Thomson and Irwin be "no direct concern to us. Our concern is whether or not the law should be changed." He and his staff have some strong views about that. Commission lawyer Donald Affleck is a nonchalance specialist who believes the current law is inadequate. Research Director Ken Creery enjoyed a distinguished career with Southern before being shooed out

an editorial page editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, after which he published the now-defunct *Resort* or *Confederation* issues. Creery's known include Peter Derham, a local Ottawa *OC* newspaper, who was released by Ontario's Global television network last summer, and marketing author Walter Stewart, who has been known to have views on affairs of state.

Happily for those who are paid to speculate about his true intentions, Kent's earlier view flows in the pages of *Policy Options*, a journal he edits for the Institute for Research on Public Policy. Writing last March, he called for a press ombudsman—to "shape the media into approaching a little closer the standards that competition produces in larger societies." "I don't know Kent have no doubts that he will aim to shape. —R.L.

Ontario

Is this a silo I see before me?

The big silver combine parked at the end of the runway was an eyebrow-raiser for the Penn Air pilot bringing in the first scheduled flight from Toronto to the Chatham, Ont., municipal airport, late last year. But the 22-metre silo that began jutting skyward last month, 112 metres dead of the pavement, was a starter that has effectively grounded all regular service in and out. It also appears to be the defensive sophistication point in a five-year battle of words between the city and nine Kent Airport farmers that has disrupted a \$72,000 airport expansion project, infuriating local pilots as well as would-be air travellers.



Photo by G. McLaughlin

Silo as farmer Walker sees it, and from runway, air rights are out

But to Bob Walker, who farms 600 acres south of the road (140,000 people) Southwestern Ontario city, the scene is clear and simple. It's his land, he doesn't want to sell and, if expropriated, he wants fair compensation. And he says the silo, along with a barn to house 600 baby pigs, is a logical expansion of his operations. Chatham Mayor Curtis Christie doesn't see it that way, however. He says Walker and eight of his neighbors are unreasonable and stubborn, standing in the way of community growth and interfering with the safe operation of the airport.

Unwillingly, the tiny strip that has been owned and operated by the city for 20 years is not located in Chatham but lies 16 km outside in the rich farmlands of High Township. So when Chatham qualified for a \$72,000 federal grant for airport expansion in 1978, the city had to go to both Hallowell and Raleigh Townships for the necessary zoning

controls. They passed the requisite by-laws, but reinforced them to suit as farmers objected. When Chatham offered Walker \$20,000 for air rights over his farm, he said no because a 1.5-metre maximum height set for any object as part of his property would have prevented him even driving a truck across his own field. When the city offered to purchase outright a 19-acre strip through the heart of his farmland operation, he refused equally uninterested.

Still convinced that Walker would eventually see reason the city went ahead, spending \$175,000 to push the runway to the farmer's lot line, knocking down the fence and filling in a drainage ditch for good measure. But when the city announced that three-weekly commercial air service to Toronto would start Nov. 12, 1979, Walker decided it was time to fight back. He drove his 22-metre silver combine out to the fence line and started planning a new silo. The silo up, Transport Canada had to go in last week and issued the occupied portion of the 1,100-acre strip

to 790 metres during the day and 460 metres at night, permitting Penn Air to get out with its landing wheels intact until the dispute is resolved.

"That doesn't bode in if it will happen soon. Turning the city's latest offer (\$38,000 for 100 acres) ridiculous, Walker declares: "My land is not for sale. My neighbors' land is not for sale. And the air rights are not for sale." He says expropriation in the city's only hope and puts the price for the 556 acres he and his neighbors own at \$2.5 million. Mayor Christie calls that lunacy and says only the federal government can expropriate land for airports. So the city has asked Ottawa to take over the airport, but an aide to Transport Minister Jean-Luc Poirer has replied that it's a local problem. And that's where the matter rests: one of the country's longest short runways, a gravel and deteriorated farmway, a rapid city hall and no rainbow in sight on the 22-metre silo. —GARY McLAUGHLIN

Saskatchewan

Hit it, carolers: 'How dry I am'

The Christmas shopping rush has set cash registers ringing loud and early for 185 either special- and retail merchants in Saskatchewan, and bigger than any of them is Glen Setley, who does business next door in Eberhart. Mrs. Thelma Saskatchewan, applied at the prospect of a dry Christmas, have been eagerly driving the extra 28 km across the provincial border, shopping business in the Trile liquor dispensary tucked into one corner of Eberhart. "To be honest, I'm glad to see them," says Setley, who is going through \$4,000 worth of booze a week.

It is Prairie custom, common to both

Rejoice, copes, picketers: booze untouchable



provinces, that local merchants in towns too small to justify operation of a government liquor store be licensed as local bottled goods vendors. That was the alcohol distribution system produced a strike with a difference last month after 30 warehouse workers, endorsed employees of the Saskatchewan Liquor Board (SLB), refused to fill

Liquor at Jeanette's general store, a handy 20 kilometres from home



orders for the numerous private vendors. The SLB promptly suspended the warehousemen, all normal distribution ceased, a pre-Christmas buying panic began and, as shelves emptied in the province's own stores, their endorsed clerks were locked out, along with the customers. By last week only 30 of 80 SLB stores remained open, and anxious city dwellers began shopping off in all directions to find private vendors in small-town grocery stores and drapery stores. Al Jeanette's general store in Regina (population 754), a handy 20 km east of Regina, has been getting at least 500 cases a week, 10 times its normal supply. "It's been kind of crazy at times, and the closer we get to Christmas the worse it's going to get," says Jeanette. "Come in here on Friday afternoon and you'll have to line up out the door." For some of the clergy and worried, the nearest supply is an hour's drive and two-hour stand in line away.

So far the SLB has kept its price of one bottle supplied by having distillers ship direct to the individual shops, cutting the warehouse from the delivery chain. To retaliate, the union—the Saskatchewan Government Employees' Association (SGEA)—is taking to two pickets. "We can picket the trucking companies shipping the liquor or enforce the support of other unions," says the

union's Larry Kosciuchak. The SGEA is asking for a dental clinic, union rights for part-time employees and a wage increase to at least keep pace with inflation over a two-year contract. But as the strike drags on, the chances of a settlement before Christmas grow dimmer and the greatest drought since 1930 prohibition grows hotter. Says one drought-dazed retailer's spokesman, "In downtown Regina, bookshelves are selling 40-saucers for \$60."

—DALE FISHER

Richard the dentist



Belshaw, wife, Betty (left) and (right) children Adrian and Diana, jurors were moved to tears



British Columbia

Shocking innocence on a sabbatical

It was, for a little while, the shock of Vancouver. From the twinkling towers of Point Grey, to the hushed whispers of the faculty club at the University of British Columbia, the teenagers were clicking. And well they might. It had all the elements of the crime of passion in belief of very taboos: a nude, divorced body wrapped in garbage bags, falsified dental records, illicit affairs and witness-stand testimony. Yet when Daffner Belshaw abruptly cancelled last week with a Swiss court's acquittal of renewed UBC anthropology

Daffner began early in 1979 with the grisly discovery by a Swiss road crew of a disassembled body buried under a wild animal den under the Pont du Lacroix on a kilometre from Angle Unstable to identify the corpse, Inspector Nicolle

Margot of the division of Vaud police noted that Dr. Belshaw, 36, had reported his wife missing in Paris two months before. Further, the Canadian couple had been on sabbatical in the nearby fashionable resort of Crans Montana immediately before the disappearance. Margot accused Belshaw in Vancouver and asked for his wife's dental records in order to aid the identification. Belshaw appeared to comply, but later admitted making 12 alterations to the charts. On a hunch, Margot contacted Betty Belshaw's dentist to verify the records and found they had been falsified. Subsequently he ordered the anthropology's arrest for deliberate but not premeditated murder. Refusing to go to Switzerland because he feared the treatment he would receive by Swiss police and courts, Belshaw was arrested and extradited under an international warrant while attending a UNESCO conference in Paris in November, 1979. For

the next year, the small, soft-spoken former head of the UBC anthropology department languished in a cell in Lausanne's St. Mermet prison, before coming to trial earlier this month. The most alarming element of the trial to North Americans, besides its performance (it lasted precisely three days, with a verdict delivered as promised on the fourth day, was its apparent simplicity. The prosecution, despite a wily young cross-examiner of Belshaw, made no direct speculation on how, why or where Betty Belshaw, a popular UBC English instructor, was murdered. The body was too badly mutilated to determine the time or cause of death. The prosecution's case was based on the falsified dental records and "psychological evidence" that Belshaw's Vancouver lawyer, Harry McLaughlin, insists would have been dismissed in any Canadian court. The courtroom revelation of an affair between Belshaw and a former student, Erika Harris, and allegations of a trip to a red Rover in a university back lane generated shrieks from the six jurors and the three judges but did little more than confirm the common-sense guess that the Belshaw marriage was strained.

Belshaw's defense, conducted by Jean Felix Pascheud (another Graham Greene's lawyer), argued that Belshaw falsified the dental records in a misguided attempt to avoid facing the possibility that his missing wife might be dead. The court was also told that he made every effort to locate her—including consulting a London Salvation Army expert on missing persons. Revival of Belshaw's requested colleagues including the current head of the UBC anthropology department, spoke on his behalf, and the emotional testimony in favor of their father by the Belshaw children, Adrian, 31, and especially by a sobbing Diana, 21, a clear sentiment moved several jurors to tears.

Last week an exhausted, almost leader Cyril Belshaw heard an amazed and appalled Jean Pierre Guignard, president of the criminal court, the charge of murder and attempted murder, but not the threatened Swiss system of verdicts to deny him confession. Innocent, said the Swiss judge, due to a "very slight doubt" Guignard also denied the defendant's "morally shocking actions" and ordered Belshaw to pay some \$25,000 in court costs, against his father's Section of his wife's dental records forced police action to be taken that had indicated Belshaw as welcome to have his job back after his harrowing trial. As the prison he has taken in connection with his family at an undisclosed location. In Vancouver, wagging tongues have migrated to other targets.

—THOMAS HOPKINS



Jean Lesage at his peak in 1960 (above), earlier with Mike Pearson and recently with Claude Ryan (below) unable alone

Reluctant reformer

When Jean Lesage, the dapper Quebec City lawyer who became premier of a modest social and political reformer in his late 40s, was elected the premier of his province in 1960, he set off a political revolution that drastically transformed the pattern of French-English relations in this country. Not since Plémeur's dream of an empire in North America was crushed by a British army on the Plains of Abraham had Quebec's destiny been altered so fast in so many new directions.

What it consisted of, the Quiet Revolution, as it came to be called, was the essential separation of church and state. Lesage and the bright, ascetic-oriented politicians he brought with him, relegated the clergy to the spiritual realm, while the government took over the Roman Catholic Church's traditional control of education, health and welfare institutions across the province. "The time when we wondered about our survival is over," Lesage declared. "We want to use our autonomy not as a sign of weakness and dependence but of strength and action." By stubbornly implementing the 22-point platform or chart which he had been elected, Lesage turned Quebec society upside down, establishing a left-leaning administration that continually suppressed the province's private life in general and intervened in every aspect of daily life.

A graduate in law from Laval University, Lesage, at 27, became one of the youngest Quebec attorneys in Quebec City's history and is still west to Ottawa as a Liberal back-bencher. As chairman of the committee that devised a plan for old-age persons without a means test, he so impressed Prime Minister

Leves St. Laurent that he was brought into the cabinet in 1953 as the first minister of northern affairs and natural resources. He switched to provincial politics after a decade there and within two years brought his party, which had been in opposition since 1944, into office.

A smooth operator on the hustings, once in power Lesage transformed himself into a vocal promoter. His personal staff numbered 85, including a chief of protocol in morning coat, and his appointments schedule was mimeographed two weeks in advance. Three Montreal dailies were solemnly reported how the prime minister had been bitten by a mosquito on the middle finger of his right hand. At the same time, Lesage verbally abolished patronage, brought into government service a cadre of brilliant young French Canadians (including a rapid young minister of hydroelectricity in Jean Bédard) and pioneered the notion that it paid to consult Ottawa's fiscal officers. Lesage was certainly a Quebec nationalist and indulged himself in some occasional exuberance. On Feb. 3, 1966, for example, his government introduced a bill known as the Official Time Act, which authorized the province to opt out of national time.

But no matter how latter his public wrangling with federal authorities became, he always kept a secret link with Ottawa's senior bureaucrats (mainly through Gordon Robertson, his former deputy) and issued plenty of city-warring signals about Quebec's relations.

History will probably relegate Jean Lesage as something of a transitional figure. But during his six exciting years in office, he proved himself to be both a great champion of his people and a patriotic Canadian. —PETER C. MEYER

Marking time on a tightrope

As hopes for internal reconciliation grow, Poles resume their search for butter

By Peter Lewis

With its three interwar cabinets toppled by socialist enemies, the government cannot be described as lively. But the event it commemorates was hardly lively either: the mowing down of Polish workers by fellow Poles in the broad squares of Gdansk on Dec. 16, 1970. Polish workers



More news, courtesy—But since the celebrating seems to be only the tip of a small iceberg

view the government's inauguration this week, outside the Lenin Shipyard, as a reward for a decade of attempts to vindicate the 40 victims. But since it owes its existence to the Gdansk agreement that last summer enticed striking workers to establish free-trade unions, it will probably stand still as long as the Solidarity movement itself is permitted to flourish.

The Gdansk ceremony was very much Solidarity's baby. The movement, led by 30-year-old Lech Walenia, was responsible for setting the memorial to ground in time for the week's 30th anniversary and that its unveiling would be attended by anywhere up to a million people. But the government, in one of the strange twists that have marked the Polish drama from the outset, reversed its earlier decision to send the occasion and agreed to dispatch a delegation led by President Henryk Jablonski. The Catholic Church, walking a tightrope between sympathy for Solidarity and the need to conciliate the Communist leadership, will also take part.

With government, labor and church—the nation's three pillars of power—all in attendance, the occasion could well become a day of national reconciliation after long months of internal warfare, economic upheaval and



Lineups at a Warsaw march mark old efforts from East Germany

the danger of Soviet intervention. Signs that the Gdansk ceremony might indeed be such a landmark abandoned in Warsaw last week as the threat of invasion appeared to recede, the government of Stanislaw Kania moved to speed reform and the church issued a wide appeal for civil peace, sharply rejoining the country's dissidents to refrain from "any action that could endanger freedom."

Poland's eastern bloc neighbors also eased their pressure in the aftermath of a Moscow summit that gave the Poles more breathing space. With Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in India (see box), the Kremlin tossed down its campaign against "anti-socialist" forces. East Germany's Erich Honecker, most confident of neighboring Communist bosses in his condemnation, telephoned Kania to express his confidence. Brezhnev who put his money where his mouth was, offering a \$150-million gift of food and consumer goods and the pledge of a \$125-million hard-currency loan.

Indeed, much of the noise last week came from Brussels, where NATO members ended a week of spending with a warning that Soviet intervention would destroy détente and call up a whole range of economic and diplomatic reprisals. Canadian External Affairs Minister Mark MacGugan voiced a general opinion when he said that NATO mem-

bers had learned from their "experience in response to Afghanistan, which was not as unified as it might have been." But not everyone was pleased by U.S. insistence on sending AWACS reconnaissance aircraft which, contrary to some reports, were not requested by the allies, and in Ottawa Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was quick to categorize as "antithetical" a reported statement by NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns—later disclaimed—that NATO would also respond militarily. Putting his finger firmly on what many feared, Trudeau said speculation about what the West would do was "most unfortunate and inappropriate." It could raise tension and "give the other camp a pretext" to intervene.

In contrast, Poland itself appeared as calm as the proverbial eye of the storm. As they enjoyed their first free breather from labor and political troubles in a long time, most Poles responded by throwing their efforts into what has become an obsessive national game: beating the food shortage. Warsaw residents devoted much of their waking hours to securing the markets for meat and butter, the scarcest of all goods. The weather, first, icy, then slushy, made it a miserable experience. And a sense of crisis was always in evidence. The winter returning after an absence of three months finds that people who once dismissed Soviet intervention



as "inevitable" now think it may be around the corner if events take a fresh turn for the worse. The country feels that it has been put on probation without any indication where the limits of good behavior lie.

The feeling toward Solidarity has also altered since the bloody days of the Gdansk soccer's Most Poles now say that it will sink from sight for a time in order to give the authorities a chance to repair the status they need to placate the Soviets. Natchez once again tried to mystify in such phrases as "You can't keep challenging the party forever," and popular nervousness has become a potent factor in forcing union restraint.

Attitudes toward the Soviet threat differ with the generations. "The older

people who remember the war dread an invasion now. And they're itching closer to expecting it," said Josef Drogosz, himself in his late 40s. "Youngsters don't for a moment imagine it will happen, and when you press them they just grin and say 'We'll fight them.'"

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West that the Polish people, steeped in a tradition of resistance to invaders, would take up arms to a man against any Warsaw pact move, and a recent poll in Cracow indicated that 85 per cent of youngsters would willingly lay down their lives for our country. But while there can be no denying Polish toughness, everything seems to hinge on how the Polish army with its 250,000 men—the second biggest in Eastern Europe—would act. Western diplomats in Warsaw last week thought it might come to stay in its barracks as the Czech armed forces did in 1968, rather than fire on its own. But no one in Warsaw last weekend was anxious to put the matter to the test.

With files from David Frequent in Brussels.

The Kremlin cashes its IOUs

The summons came at lunchtime: be at the Soviet embassy in 10 minutes for an important announcement. Journalists who raced through the streets of New Delhi had no idea what the flap was about. Had Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev died midway through his state visit? He is 74, and he had looked sick enough the day before. Were the Soviets going home because Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had finally served up her course and told him to get his troops out of Afghanistan?

While most of the KGB were in evidence waited discreetly in the hallway under a massive portrait of Lenin, Brezhnev's official spokesman, Leonid Natchez, read out a formal statement in a plush reception room. Reports that Soviet troops had crossed the Polish frontier were "false from beginning to end." "This is nothing but an ill-intentioned provocation," he declared.

End of statement, end of briefing. Natchez, who has unimpeachable status, refused to answer questions. "I'll see you at the official briefing later," he assured newsmen. But he did not turn up and, from the official Indian spokesman's account, you could have



Gandhi grows Brezhnev's word in need

been forgiven for believing that not one word about the Polish crisis had passed between Brezhnev and Gandhi.

Clearly, that was not possible. Indian officials were saying before Brezhnev had even arrived that the time was fast coming when the Soviets would "rush in their IOUs"—and India pays Moscow millions of dollars more in interest every year than it gets in aid. In any event, Brezhnev is believed to have taken the Indian prime minister into his confidence and pressed her to show public understanding, at least, if he orders an invasion of Poland. Gandhi is expected to do just that, although Indian embassies over the invasion of Afghanistan last December has not subdued.

Brezhnev also used his Indian platform to send signals to the incoming Reagan administration, urging it to

chart a non-confrontational course for U.S.-Soviet relations. He called for a return to détente and warned that unless the West agreed on arms limitation there could be war. In a keynote speech to the Indian Parliament, Brezhnev claimed that the Soviet Union intended "nevertheless open after Middle East all or its transportation routes." Instead, he proposed that the West, China, Japan and the Soviet Union should agree to keep the Gulf area free of foreign bases and nuclear weapons, and its nuclear use.

The offer got a cold response from Washington as being not new. And, in any case, the trouble with the Soviets is that language doesn't always mean what it says. Brezhnev's signature—as president of a superpower that has invaded Afghanistan—in the final communique in New Delhi appearing "all forms of outside interference in southeast Asian countries."

The abrupt impression left by the Soviet leader was that of an old, tired, sick man, with not long to live. But he did show the occasional snail's pace. At the ceremonial arrival, members of the diplomatic corps were introduced to him. He shook their hands in silence until he was presented to Canadian High Commissioner John Halperin. Brezhnev's eyes lit up. "Trodzina," he said. "What?" replied the high commissioner.

—PETER NIESEWAND

El Salvador

Deep throat document

A Col Adolfo Aranda Majano, the remaining moderate, was being sidelined by his colleagues on El Salvador's five-man military-junta last week, Latin American specialists in the United States were debating the authenticity of a document that purports to throw new and highly revealing light on the Carter administration's policies in that country. In sharp contrast to its overt support of human rights, economic reforms and "moderate" military aid, the document describes a series of covert military ties and strong future commitments to the Salvadoran armed forces and paramilitary death squads which have killed well over 10,000 people so far this year.

The document materialized on the desks of Washington bureaucrats or through the mailboxes of journalists in plain vanilla envelopes in the wake of the presidential election. Its title, "Dissent Paper on El Salvador and Central America," and its format resemble three "dissent papers" that the state department permits specialists to circulate within the department when they disagree with established policy. The document denies that the El Salvador document has actually passed through

Majano; and dissent papers' covert military ties and commitments uncovered

official dissent channels. But the effectiveness of bureaucratic jargon and detailed regional analysis make it highly probable that it originated within the government. Some respondents speculate that the paper was intended to go through dissent channels but that the authors—"current and former analysts and officials" at the Pentagon, National Security Council, CIA and state department, says the document—provided after the election of Ronald Reagan, whose transition team was at the centre of a storm last week over a "hit list" of ambassadors who favor humanitarian policies in Latin America, among them El Salvador's envoy John White.

The allegations are certainly explosive. While publicly paying lip service to moderation, the Carter administration is said to have used a variety of tactics to support the military and discredit and destroy all opponents. No fewer than 18 U.S. government agencies and numerous nongovernment agencies were engaged, says the document, in strengthening the counter-insurgency efforts of Salvadoran forces. They sought to do so by bringing the various paramilitary groups under unified command, by providing training and strategic and tactical advisers, by strengthening co-operation with the security forces of the neighboring dictatorships of Honduras and Guatemala, by providing material stockpiles and by monitoring U.S. press coverage to prevent the opposition Democratic Revolutionary Front from gaining publicity in the way the Sandinistas did in Nicaragua.

The document states that there are detailed contingency plans for political

and diplomatic initiatives in case U.S. forces should have to prop up the current regime, and operational plans for mobilized or unilateral deployment of military forces in El Salvador and Guatemala, where a long-standing intervention is also in progress. "The United States... will use military force in conjunction with others, or, if necessary, unilaterally," says the paper, although "the options and recommendations on which policy decisions were made have been based on irresponsibly self-serving evidence and analyses."

The document goes on to suggest that such policies should be dropped in favor of a "Zimbabwe Option"—in the type of mediated negotiations between government and opposition that brought about the end of the civil war in Rhodesia last year. But the few remaining hopes for such a settlement were dashed last week with the vote in dissent Majano. Since the junta, whose powers have been steadily eroded by those of the military in the past six months.

El Salvador's military and business communities have been speaking openly of installing a military dictatorship since the election of Reagan, though the local experiment, since Reagan is so "modest," is a "restructuring." Indeed the "restructuring" of Majano seemed only the latest of a series of moves designed to prevent negotiations.

A "Zimbabwe Option" clearly would have required the participation of the Front. The murder last month by the government of the six Front leaders ensured that there would be no seat on the other side of the table. —ANNE NELSON

Uganda

Ballots and bullets

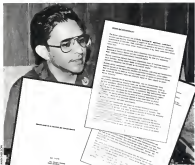
The news broadcast over Uganda radio, brought a cheering mob onto the streets of Kampala. Dr. Milton Obote and his Uganda People's Congress party (UPC), having won at least 60 seats of the 120-seat parliament, were the winners of last week's general election, the first in the East African nation for 20 years. For Obote, who served as president from 1962 to 1971, when he was ousted by Idi Amin, the win was a remarkable comeback. But it was more than a little tarnished by the confusion that had marred the voting and the fleeing shut, rather than bringing about harmony as some had hoped, the election had only increased tribal and political tensions.

No one had expected the vote to go smoothly but even Ugandans were amazed at the incoherence displayed by election commission officials in some districts. Only six kilometres from the centre of Kampala, the Commonwealth observer team—called in by the ruling Military

When the choice is red or white choose Blue.

The white wine that's good for the sole. And the steak.

IMPORTED BLUE NUN REPRESENTED BY MCGUINNESS AGENCIES





Obote and wife, Milia, (above)
Mwangaie: North Kampala conference



moderated his views. He campaigned in person at a "tax holiday" for big producers and stewarded the road to rehabilitation Uganda's rundown coffee, tea, cotton and tobacco estates. "We offer national reconciliation," he said. "The Pearl of Africa shall rise again." At week's end, however, as sporadic rifle and mortar fire raged in Kampala, that prophecy seemed shrouded by doubt. —GREG WILLIAMS

France A comedy of truths?

By Marc McDermid

His most famous words the perpetual reinforcement of an image of a politician. But unless gossipy glasses perch above a red-painted button nose. As he waddles onstage at the Théâtre du Gymnase each night in his trademark striped suit and yellow bowtie, the softest cove of 500 Parisians is already chanting: Not that Michel Gérard Joseph Coluche, better known as France's comic ball comedy king Coluche, doesn't have some things to say. In four-letter missives showing up his hazy and ballroom humor, he ridicules the right, the left, the rich, the poor, the government and, above all, himself. "They're already treating you like imbeciles," he

chastises his audience. "So why not vote for me?"

In fact, in the six weeks since the 36-year-old clown threw his champagne into last April's presidential race, few people in high places have been laughing. What looked like an outrageous publicity stunt has turned into what the newspapers are calling the "Coluche phenomenon"—a tidal wave of respect which has rallied disaffected workers, intellectuals and entertainers and led pollsters to predict that he will get 10 to 12 per cent of the vote. "They call me fantasmatist," he likes to shriek, brandishing the headlines. "What could you hear, their language when they see this?"

Not only has Coluche shaken the arch solemnity of French political life, in the process he has voiced voters' growing and all-too-common disenchantment with the man who the pollsters say is a shoo-in for reelection President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. An inflation, unemployment and political scandals have mounted in the fall, discontent has hardened into a new and bitter edge. The situation was summed up in seven November lectures when the presidential party lost three important seats and 50 per cent of the popular vote went to the rival Socialists, recently regarded as a puppeteer because handsome young outsider Michel Rocard had looked of from an challenge to veteran leader François Mitterrand.

Whatirks the daffinity most is that the man they elected in 1971 for his

engaging poppin' touch—strolling to his credit down the Champs Elysees and inviting gargantuan to the palace to dine—has now transformed himself into an aloof intellectual.

THE KING IS NOT CORNER, headlined a front-page story in *Le Monde*, which began: "France is no longer a democracy." *Le Monde*, however, had a souché gripe last month, the government lashed as ugly and potentially suicidal criminal suit against France's most influential newspaper and its director, Jacques Foccart, for a series of articles over the past three years which Justice Minister Alain Peyrefitte said "went directly" upon the courts. In fact, there is little doubt that the real reason for the suit was *Le Monde's* scoldings for the scandal known as France's "Diamonds" —the president's relation with Central African ex-emperor Bokassa, who claims to have given Giscard and family hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of diamonds.

So worried has the Elisee become about the insinuations that it has lately taken to inviting such rival political leaders as Mitterrand around for tea to assure them that the diamonds in question are being sold off for charity. Two weeks ago, the Elysée also reportedly ordered the release of writer and ex-emperor Houphouët Boigny from prison after nearly seven months without trial—on charges of spying and trying to "have French diplomacy."

Delays, a candidate of Bokassa, is the man believed to have leaked the diamonds to the press. He promises to spill more in a book to be published in February, but as a trapper he offered the state that Giscard's wife, Anne-Alexandine, had been given exactly 500 diamonds by Bokassa and that Giscard had received £2 million series of Central African banknotes. In fact, so why he have the accusations because that Michel Rocard referred on TV to the need for a new president for "the deconstruction" of the state.

It is scarcely a surprise, therefore, that the people who had the right to be called a natural fool who has been called "the master of bad taste." The son of an immigrant Italian house painter promises to step down after the first of the spring's two rounds of voting, since his election would be "a catastrophe." Still, in his most recent movie, *The Drilling Inspector*, released last week, Coluche, a bombing detective who graduated 120th out of 120, ends up outwitting Public Enemy No. 1 and getting the girl—a film triumph that has more than a hint of tragedy. The French man next too willing to take lightly this new fool who—like Shakespeare—speaks the truth. As Coluche himself says: "Every thing needs his heart just." ◇

U.S.A.

The grim-faced, bloodless men

Reagan presents eight of his chosen



Chosen as advisers: Reagan (foreground) (from left) Casey, Stockman, Lewis, Schweitzer, Blainey, Smith and Weinberger professing remarkable ignorance

By Michael Posner

Like an assembly of four fascist dictators, Ronald Reagan's eight top advisers were badly prepared before the world last week a group of eight more solemn, bloodless men would be hard to find. Dark-suited all, they stood before the press in the starkness of Washington's Mayflower Hotel, grimly determined to say nothing that might offend. In fact, for a team of such experienced men, they professed remarkable ignorance about the needs of the day. That impression is deceiving. To be sure, prudent—old-fashioned—governors their public statements, at least until the Senate confirms their appointments next month.

As a group, this half of the Reagan cabinet (five posts, including secretary of state, remained unfilled at week's end) is strong on managerial skills. Ideologically, they stand slightly to the right of center, committed to substantial increases in defense spending and a free dose of "supply side" economics (at least to boost government revenues). But many are old-fashioned Washington duffers, flexible on principle more than staunch ideologues. Among the designers:

Secretary of Defense: Casper Willard Weinberger, 61, is the man Reagan calls "my Darwin." A Harvard-trained law-

yer, Weinberger was Reagan's state department chairman, served former president Richard Nixon and, since 1970, has been vice president and general counsel for the Lockheed Corp. Overseeing the largest American military budget in history (\$180 billion), Weinberger will be under pressure to authorize several new weapons programs, including the controversial B-1 bomber.

Secretary of the Treasury: Donald Thomas Regan, 63, as chairman of Merrill Lynch & Co. supervised a dramatic ball run of corporate profits and diversification during the 1970s. He served handsomely in the forties, earning almost half a million dollars in 1979 alone. He will earn less than \$20,000 at Treasury. Regan shares his boss's economic bias, believing that tax cuts are for individuals and businesses will stimulate spending.

Attorney General: William French Smith, 63, is Ronald Reagan's closest cabinet confidante and his personal lawyer. A member of a prestigious Los Angeles firm, Smith resembles a younger Henry Ford, he is just as real, a low-key but shrewd negotiator who will help shape executive policy beyond the department of justice.

Central intelligence Agency: William Joseph Casey, 67, a shambling bear of a man, was Reagan's campaign chairman in the final stages of the race.



Rocard and Bokassa embrace (above left): *Le Monde* building Delery (above right) and Coluche (below): They're already treating you like imbeciles





ALRT vehicle on sale, Harcourt (right) affecting the marketplace, a 'pig to a poik'

the city of Los Angeles recommended Ontario over three other bidders on a \$30-million transit system.

The tendering of support for the "subway in the sky," which has been whirling around a \$2.5-billion transit in a former cow pasture outside Kingston since 1977, was welcomed by officials at the Urban Transportation Development Corporation (UTDC), the Ontario-owned corporation that developed the technology. Kirk Foley, president, said the system was "close to ideal" for short-haul and for serving the medium-density neighborhoods now favored by urban planners. Subways, which can carry about 40,000 people per hour, tend to encourage high-density development and cost up to \$300 million a mile to install. The ALRT system, which is designed for above-ground construction and can be elevated, is a quarter of the cost to install and carries between 10,000 and 20,000 people per hour. Powered by a linear motor and designed to minimize noise, it is said to offer the ultimate in smooth, silent transit rides.

So, why haven't buyers been lining up at the track's door? First, the ALRT was not actually ready for marketing until January, 1980. And there has been a natural reluctance to be the first to try it. Like newly elected Vancouver Mayor Michael Harcourt, city officials didn't want to buy a "pig in a poke." But as Vancouver's 1.1 million people are so directly distributed enough to justify the expense of a subway, and conventional streetcars would have been more expensive in the long term, the ALRT system made the most sense. Capping it off was the commitment of federal

grants (ranging at between \$30 million and \$100 million), a \$300-million money-back guarantee from the Ontario government and the understanding that 60 per cent of the transit investment will be spent in British Columbia. Despite his faith in the technology, then-President Foley is sympathetic to the concern about an untried system. UTDC also designed the new Toronto streetcars, which were delayed several months in part because of flaws in the manufacturing by Hawker Siddeley. Says Foley: "That experience has made me cautious. I won't be celebrating until the whole thing is in place and running smoothly."

In Vancouver, that should happen by 1985, in perfect time for a massive regionalized transportation expansion which will show off the ALRT system to the world. If UTDC wins the Los Angeles contract or gets the go-ahead on a multimillion \$66-million system it is designing for Houston, there could be in place first. But Vancouver will be the most important showcase for explaining a piece of an estimated \$20-billion world market. The I. A. recommendation has convinced Foley's belief that this technology is superior to that of competitive bidders such as Westinghouse and the Metrolinx organization in Foster. But the gap could still be closed. Says Foley: "These people are as intelligent as we are and they have a lot more money. It is turning into a tough race, and anyone who thinks that we can relax now is wrong."

—GILLIAN MACKAY

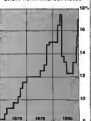
No lack of interest

A merchant makes their yearly pitch to the public to "spend, spend, spend," the Christmas card from Ottawa is a sober message of restraint. Following the U.S. trend, prime interest rates in Canada rose last week by 1.5 percentage points to reach 17 per cent, further dampening hopes that more vigorous consumer and business spending, or improved exports, would lift the Canadian economy out of the doldrums. Although no one knows how high rates are headed, John Grant, chief economist at Wood Gundy Ltd., said U.S. prime rates (which hit 20 per cent last week) are getting dangerously high.

Donald Boney, governor of the Bank of Canada, has been forced to play a tough game, and he is not enjoying it. In an unusual move, Boney complicated last week to his counterparts at the United States Federal Reserve Board about the wild fluctuations in U.S. rates, which have gone from 28 per cent down to 19 per cent and back up to 20 in the past eight months. Boney has been trying to remain independent of this juggling act. But the Canadian dollar last week dropped to 55.49, its lowest level in 47 years, leaving him with little choice but to move up rates to stem the flow of capital from Canada. At least, Canada is following under protest, said Finance Minister Allan Rock, who is considering new proposals to reduce the burden of high rates. "The United States ought to be encouraged to take another look at these damaging policies."

—G.M.

Short-Term Interest Rates



PRIME

Putting the cork in the competition

Whether it be the tiny trailer store in the office of 81, Apollo-Buino or the big, loose export store in the basement of The Bay in midtown Montreal, Quebec's government liquor outlets risk with the bouquet of international wine scandal. When the government of France is in disgust with its North American product, and the cause was easily seen last week as the shelves of liquor stores crowded with holiday wine buyers. Among the Bordeaux, the Marquis-Cadet of proud Baron Philippe de Rothschild must share a vulgar lower shelf with Bateau & Gaudin's Prince Noir. Occupying the most prominent position is a jutting three-tiered corner loaded with bottles labelled simply Bordeaux and emblazoned with the label of the Société des Alcool de Québec. The name is true for the Beaujolais, where the prestigious Fines-Dits and Beaujolais AOC & PVA labels are shrouded after the Société's Nut de la St-Jean. Throughout the store, big-name imports are modestly overshadowed by the ubiquitous presence of the Société's good reason. That is, no reverse importers but big names. Quebec-government style.

"In the season to be jolly, and the Société des Alcool, Québec's agency for the exportation, marketing and distribution of wine and spirits is taking full advantage of it. As Christmas approaches, the Société is furiously advertising its own brands of wine on television, but boards and in newspapers. Its wine-bottle labels are popping around the clock, starting at 45 house brands from bulk imports of French Burgundy, Italian Chianti and Spanish Rioja, among others. Plainly this is an ordinary provincial liquor agency. Re-chewing the repetitive caries of its liquor board's conservatism in the other provinces, the Société's promotion is product vigorously in the unshaken pursuit of profit.

The strategy has worked well for the Quebec treasury—which last year passed \$225 million in dividends and \$45 million in taxes from the sale of wine and spirits. Less ready to share in the permanent are importers and producers of private-label wines, who complained a linked report to the provincial government last month that the Société was taking unfair advantage of its pos-



Don't wine on top in Quebec, but Canada's Philanthropy (left) no ordinary liquor agency

tion in order to undercut them. Wine is the Société's biggest growth product, as volume sales of hard liquor have actually declined in Quebec in recent years. Critics claim the Société gives the best shelf space to its own house brands in the 385 provincial liquor stores it controls. Most popular in the Société's Cordon des Patrons, a Burgundy that appeals to Quebecers' nationalism as well as its painterly portraits on its label. The Société's price where \$2.95 of the failed 1982 mainstream were publicly bought. Furthermore, wine has been sold in 6,000 Quebec grocery stores since 1975—but the only imported products available are the Société's own. The result, say importers and private producers, has been a drop to 46 per cent from 61 per cent their share of the wine market in just two years. The complaint of unfair competition suffered by wines bottled in France is expected to be made directly to Premier René Lévesque by as less than French Prime Minister Raymond Barre when the two meet this week in Paris.

But more than an advertisement from a foreign hand of government will be needed to dampen the ambitions of the Société. Plans call for a doubling of sales by 1985 from the 30 million litres of wine sold in 1979. Already the biggest single liquor in the European market, the Société envisions, in a controversial five-year plan which came to light this fall, becoming a producer as well, harvesting its own grapes from overseas

vineyards. In Montreal, a 385-metre pipeline will be built to carry wine directly from the ship docks to the bottling plant where, just before the holiday season this year, 120 tanks topped with 8.5 million litres of wine.

If the scheme like a powerful dose of what Yungas called market's "medicine for misery," clearly Quebecers are eager for the remedy. Wine sales rose by two per cent last year, although sales of hard liquor actually dropped by 11 per cent. Wine sales will receive a further boost in January when the Société begins marketing draft wine to Quebec bars in 80-litre plastic bags similar to those used in the packaging of cafeteria milk. Some bars have already begun to carry draft wine. Already brewers are annoyed by the law, the fact is that they will sell only beer, have been licensed since November to sell wine as well. Quebec now ranks second only to British Columbia among the provinces in per-capita wine consumption, thanks in part to the Société's prodigious efforts. But, at the moment, the one source that really counts for the government wine enthusiast is how many of its upstart labels will make their way from stores to holiday tables, crowding out their offshoot rivals of greater family name.

—DAVID THOMAS

I have been in every kind of business except raising liquor or owning a shipwreck," writes B.C. anti-adult millionaire Gordon Gibson Sr., 76, whose autobiography, *Ball of the Woods*, is a runaway West Coast best seller. With his three brothers, Gibson dabbled in mining, fishing, logging, construction, whaling and provincial politics—a career span that he calls "the average type of life in British Columbia." Gibson credits his success to getting school at the age of 12, after the school principal caught him investigating biology with a girl. "The only piece of paper I ever put in my life was a diploma from two years of regular and parental attendance at Sunday school," he boasts. Gibson is now devoting himself to reliving his circa-1924 20-centre youth from the waterline up, including installing five glass-walled stairways and knickknacking out as many birdhouses as possible.



It's that current obsession that found Gibson chugging from a three-piece suit into his son's garb in the car as he way through downtown Vancouver. Says Gibson a publisher *Scott McEwry*: "If Gordon didn't love it, *Flavio Sartore* would have to invent him."

"I'm not just a joke or a dash in the p.u., it's a serious pose," defends Halifax artist *Gavin Fargue*, whose conceptual sculpture *One Million P.u.* is scheduled to open in Alberta's Claiborne Museum on the night before Christmas. Through the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in Calgary, the Glenbow has arranged for 2½ tons of copper with a street value of \$30,000 to be shipped from the mine in Utah. Then the museum staff will carry the beehive to the second floor and spread the copper over the floor. Fargue says he describes the work as "an outgrowth of the neo-modern activity of the '70s" and "a metaphor for our changing relationship to everything." In fact, as an investment the work has an established value. "It's already valued at \$50,000 and it's actually worth \$20,000 because



Gibson (left) and Robinson (above) models dance place in space

it costs the most 2½ cents to make a penny," says Fargue. "If a museum or gallery bought it, they could store it in a bank and it would function as an interest-generating savings account. Robinson is a horse."

"I, a child of mine responded in that way. I would auction the child," says wife *Jan Fargue* (Sara, B.C.), who was urged "to control his behavior" by Prime Minister *Pierre Trudeau* during a question period in the Commons last week. Granted, Fulton had called Trudeau a "political schizophrenic" after the 76 walked vigorously over a question by *Ed Broadbent* about the possibility of establishing a fair price commission to oversee food price increases. "He should expect healing," says Fulton, who characterized the attack as "childish and fool-morose." In fact, many of the honorable members are damaged by the disheartened attitude held by the PM in recent weeks. "He just sits there and smiles, and if there's a question he actually refers it to a parliamentary secretary," says Fulton.

Dinner-choreographer *Jaume Rodenas* of Halifax can be dancing in space if all goes well with the United States space-shuttle program. Three years ago, the 30-year-old modern dancer created the concept of zero-gravity dancing in the Hugo Award-winning sci-fi novel *Stereoless*, which she wrote with her husband, *Spencer Robinson*. The theory may be tested by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. In *Stereoless*, Rodenas's fictional astronaut, *Adam Drummond*, proclaims her way straight into orbit, but the plane subverted to Vanta do not include venturing outside of the shuttle nose. The idea is to videotape the performance as a way of aiding the public on space travel. According to Robinson's husband, the zero-gravity advertising could have a seductive appeal. "Watching a beautiful woman dancing in free fall could be more to convince people of the beauty of space than any amount of talking heads."

Christmas, three years ago, was crushed with special jet for *Marcelle Lawrence* when a friend gave her a copy of a *Nativity* story she published had passed nearly 20 years earlier when she was teaching Sunday school in Vancouver. "I lost my only copy when we moved to England and hadn't seen it for 15

years," says Lawrence. Now published as *The Christmas Brother Stars*, it's her third consecutive children's book since her last novel, *The Diviners*. Her thoughts this year, however, are more as Trent University in Peterborough, Ont. (just 26 km from her 3,000-ft house), where, on Jan. 1, she takes up chains as chancellor. "There have been women chancellors before at other universities but, as far as we know, I'm the first Canadian writer to be made one," admitting that her duties will be light, she says. "What I really want to do on January 1 is get back to Lakeland so I can do some writing—this time it's for adults."

Skating star *Sanja Holic* was the first over four decades ago and she received a case of shingles in payment, but last-year's superior *Brooke Shields*



Shields, enough to make her hair curl

will be getting a lot more when she starts skating her beauty with March as the latest *Wells* Italian girl star works ago, 15-year-old Shields's suggestive ads for *Calvin Klein* jeans were banned from some stations, but the Wells people feel she's a pretty average girl who will project a healthy image. "Our first criterion is a girl with good hair," explains company spokesman *Judy Glantz*. "We also want someone who is a role model. Brooke will look exactly 15 in the ads." Shields is the youngest in a line that includes *Paris*, *Fawcett*, *Priscilla Presley* and *Cheryl Ladd*, and the company is pleased. "She's got an attitude that spans the market range," explains *Genevieve Ales*, a high percentage of buyers aren't math



Elliott, Hart and Goulding: making room for a prehistoric Christmas



older than Shields. Despite her youth appeal, the actress-model is off making a stumpy movie called *Endless Love* with director *Frances Zellerbach*

Lois Rosenbergs, 75-year-old mother of author *Marcelle Lawrence*, has not seen or spoken to her youngest son for 26 years, but all this may change next March when she publishes her memoirs, *The Beyond Beauty: Reflections of a Mother's Daughter*. The book is a first reaction of her early life in Poland and Montreal and her near-shipwreck of her father, *Yudel Rosenberg*, an Hasidic rabbi. Not so happy, *Rosenbergs* tells of her romance and marriage to *Maxwell Rosenberg*, a marriage that ended in divorce 20 years later. "I had a father complex and Max couldn't live up to my expectations," she says. *Rosenbergs* fans who are

separated with his public grasping may find a few surprises. "Maxwell was an habitual smoker but not a really bad," reveals the author's mother. "He was lovable and sweet and he'll always be that way." Meanwhile, waiting patiently for a visit at a rooming house she operates in lower West-Mount, she coddles. "His illness doesn't affect my feelings for him—and his feelings for me. Those things happen. But I expect him any day. In fact, I've got in my freezer some gefilte fish and chicken for when he shows up."

"I reminds me of my own childhood," says *Bob Elliott*, the taller half of the classic comedy team *Elliott and May* (for *Ray Charles*), who provide the

prehistoric scenes for *comedian Peter and Wendy in B.C.* A special Christmas, which will feature the TV take next year. The half-hour special is being produced in Toronto by *Wolfgang Gotsdiner*, the Canadian "godfather" of commercial animation who became involved with B.C. creator *Johnny Hart* through a film advertisement. While also crucial to the Christmas tale, since *Santa Claus* delivers the first one to the kids on his red suit, "Nobody's ever let the head in B.C. It's a more sophisticated cartoon than most," says Gotsdiner. "This is a story about the commercialization of Christmas because two of the characters invent Santa Claus so they can sell Christmas trees and socks. The moral is that people get defeated by their own ideas, and Christmas, after all, is more important than rules."

Mass jewelry, mosaic, sculpture, mosaic and even mouse nugget wonder-stake are Christmas profits. *Mass* is a seasonal spirit, the mouse-organized gifts have their own peculiar charms—they are crafted out of mouse droppings. Apparently the results of a mouse's regular diet, when combined with healing and treating procedures, make these (these) popular, endless gifts, and as long as the tourists don't feed the mouse grasses Santa will deliver. Another unique item is the \$175 to \$225 carved sock—a bone taken from what *D. W. Lawrence* once called the John Thomas of a wain. According to *Wolfgang Gotsdiner*, manager of the *Glidd* Gift Shop, "They are very expensive and come in all sizes." —EDITED BY MARILYN BLOOM

THE LEGACY OF LENNON



Yoko and John last month, in front of the Dakota apartment (below) and (below right) "Yoko is me in show"



Lennon singing, 1965 (above); Beatles backstage, 1963 (below); Beatles 1969 (far right); leader of the pack



Lennon shines on like the moon and the stars

By Lawrence O'Toole

"I can be as you are for as you are me and we are all together."

Outside New York's Dakota Apartments on the day after the assassination of John Lennon crowds have gathered in the December damp. Police barricades are up, unnecessarily: people are walking around, some of them carrying flowers, others merely waving a last look. Yoko knows what to do or say. Some of the flowers end up strewn on the ground, some are passionately attached to the iron gates of the Dakota. Except for the loud horns around the block, which is the noise of New York in the middle of the afternoon, the only sounds are those of songs coming from radios or tape players, a snatch of *Fourme*, a bit of *Rock in the USSR*. In the center of the Dakota's iron gates is a picture of Lennon wearing the granny glasses that became as recognizable as Gandhi's.

Later that night, a couple of candles flicker in the cold rain. All the old youngsters are still wandering, demented, forlorn, strangely vigilant. Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, had torn down a note in response to all the wishes asking the mourners "to pray for his soul." But the crowd is still there, still not knowing what to do with themselves. Some have travelled from as far away as Brazil; some will wait out the night. A few veins quietly take up the strains of a song from a radio. *Hey Jude*, then music played. And in the swirl of the gathering a momentary message or other voices chase in and rise ... take a rest and make it better ...

For the generalism who discovered that her covering a fraction of the news could be subversive and that music could be a shiny political tool as well as a toy—and who had forgotten about it for a while—Lennon's murder was a make-manufacturing. John, Paul, George and Ringo ("And now for the youngsters—the Beatles," Bill Sullivan once said) had changed the lives and dreams of a generation through music that grew in sophistication but never be-

came crude—not even a decade later "That guy with a guitar took away our childhood when he shot Lennon," said Rob Geldof of The Boomtown Rats, one of the new bands of the '80s, the inheritors. The weeks after the Dakota school that weekend at the death of the man who wrote songs for all the lonely people led them all back through time. I feel that he was part of my life. I'm going to stay here as long as my feet hold up," said Yoko Ono, 35. "I always thought I marry a Beatle." The man standing next to her, Jack Stein, 35, added: "He [the killer] killed a big part of me." Although not part of "the Beatles generation," Bud Derrill, 30, a nonetheless moved "Lennon stood up for what he believed in that deserves tribute. Some of the older guys at the office today were just walking around red-eyed and in a daze. It was unbelievable."

Unbelievable. The biggest slap in the face the world can offer mortality—made known willfully, its reason comprehended by none. The Kennedy's, King, Lennon. All of them leaders of thought and spirit, the last an artist, an incredible target for an assassin's bullet.

"Was he told when his son young that fame would lead to pleasure?"

In self-exposed exile from the press and the public gaze since 1973, Lennon spent his time sequestered in domesticity as a "househusband," taking bread and baby-sitting his five-year-old son, Sean. His wife, Yoko Ono, 35, visited by him at the where of Beatles who broke up the Beatles, looked after their business interests. Lennon left \$10 million in his will. Having sat-in, bedded-in and dug his heels in for years at the height of the Vietnam War and having fought a separation suit by the U.S. government, he retired from recording. He didn't have anything to say. Unlike other rock stars of his era who didn't have anything to say, but said it a couple of times a year with new albums, Lennon would remain silent.

Meanwhile, disciples of his and Yoko's had been negotiating—their co-operations in the Dakota, an sprawling

country estate and, centrally, for a couple who had been so politically attuned, big, expensive little men—found their way into the papers. Some fans concealed themselves by remaining on the remote the Beatles' return. There was even speculation in the possibility that John and Yoko might be doing an album any day now. John Lennon was invisible, but omnipresent. All this was beautifully articulated by a November *Esquire* cover story in which the reporter told the defunct efforts to turn Lennon down. That there wasn't a single quote from the guru of peace and living models legend didn't matter; Lennon on the cover and Lennon's photographs would sell copies. They never truly became reality, and John and Yoko's new album, *Double Fantasy*, was released, starting at the top of the charts. As Lennon was emerging artistically and perhaps emotionally from his five-year-old cocoon in the Dakota, he was panned down at the entrance to the court and while returning home from the recording studio. The man charged with his killing was a former singing Beatle fan, 35-year-old Mark David Chapman.

Before *Double Fantasy* was released, Lennon and Ono granted several interviews, the most revealing of which was one in the January, 1980, issue of *Playboy*. "You're like the typical sort of love-late fan," he told interviewer David Sheff, "who says, 'Thank you for everything you did for us in the '60s—would you just give me another shot? Just one more ride-ride.'" "Lennon continued, "... people still had the idea that the Beatles were some kind of sacred thing that shouldn't step outside its circle. There was a reference to 'the f---ing' piece of fame." Hated and bounded, Lennon's life outside the Dakota became a series of attempts to be normal. But the photograph barely hung around the entrance gates waiting for him to return again. One of them was Chapman, for whom Lennon had signed an album earlier in the evening. It wasn't enough.

It never in the dream night of an devoted fan in this era is one of peace and possession. A glimpse, a snap, a moment



Four faces of Lennon (far left, cover of *Two Virgins*); at home; 1968 that in order to survive and change the world, you have to look after yourself first

signature. Living in a society that constantly courts celebrity (pursuing the gossip from *People* magazine to Andy Warhol's *Interview*) and cursed on the notion that privacy is an unforgivably selfish act, the devoted fan assumes that right, "The king," said Lennon, "is always killed by his courtiers." The courtiers and the curious alike outside the hotel kept their vigil day after day, some of them cool, if not hostile, to the press. Lennon had fled from the press, therefore the press was not welcome.

Lennon's death resembled, turning into



John and Yoko, 1970 (top) Sullivan and Lennon, 1964, with Platters Traditions, 1969: peace and love



George Best in 1966. Chapman, a born-again Christian, was attracted

the "event" it could not help but become. Best's fans made death threats to the owner of the store in Hamilton where the murder weapon was bought. Chapman's court-appointed lawyer—who claimed his client was "nuttier than a fruitcake"—left the case after receiving several death threats. The British press blamed New York, calling it "the city of sin." **MAN HANGERS** WERE said posters outside the Dakota, and suddenly gun control has become a major issue again (see page 38). Two depositors Lennon fans—one in Florida, one in Utah—took their own lives. Fifteen thousand people gathered at a noise vigil in Toronto and when the celebrities arrived, heads crashed "Oh, look, there's Ringo," someone said outside the Dakota. George and Paul never did show up to pay their respects. **Double Fantasy** couldn't be bought for love and money—100,000 copies were sold in Canada on Tuesday alone—and record stores couldn't keep Beatles' albums in stock. There was heated talk of the seriousness of the Dakota, where Rooming's *Sisy* was shot, to lead the meat as even greater acts. When Lennon was crowned on Wednesday, those dizzy seas were necessary to feel those who would follow him to his grave. His Thursday, David had asked that the next ones, being already requested 18 minutes of silent prayer for Sunday TV stations (Lennon's prayers from Mark David Chapman's high-school yearbook, showed the place where he lost worked, displayed reasonable familiarity of the gun he had carried. Despite radio stations such as Toronto's Q107 refusing

kind of identity crisis. As he left his job as a security guard and made some runs, he tagged over his identity badge and signed out as John Lennon, which he then drew a line through (Like Lennon, he also married an older Oriental woman.)

Chapman was a drifter who had twice attempted suicide, was into the drug scene himself, before having a breakdown and, like many of his generation, had aspirations of becoming a musician or a painter. A nowhere man. Within the society that produced him, he was the most marginalized member of all—a nobody "Chapman may



Best with M2's, 1965, changed lives

will have mirrored Lennon's success because he hadn't gone very far in life himself," says David A. Brinkman, an expert on criminal behavior currently writing a book on the son of Sam in *Elvis*. "He may very well have wanted to kill himself and, not having the courage, chose the closest substitute—Lennon."

Lennon might have been more astute when he said that "people get hooked on the teacher and trained the apprentice." The journey of identity, the acquisition of relics such as maps and autographs, adopting the physical style of the leader-guru were all part of an obsession Lennon found "yoko." The essence of his Playboy interview can be boiled down to a simple quote: "Produce your own dream." Lennon's five-year exile could have been contrasted by some as a form of being, albeit by the exaggerated reports of his incredible robes. The man who had left a blaze on every set in the Vito was now silent. He wasn't even being generous musically. He was a deserter. Though it may never move beyond the realm of speculation, psychiatric reports notwithstanding, it may be that when Lennon stepped out into the world again, Chapman, who so closely identified with him, was surprised, confused and emotionally embittered.

—
"Help me if you can, I'm living down And I do appreciate you being around Help me get my feet back on the ground Won't you please help me?"
John Lennon, born in 1940 to working class Liverpoolians, spent a great deal of his life looking for the Lennon match-

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"Yoko," said John, "is me in drag." For others she was the dragon lady, a distant Stevie Nicks, a conceptual artist who influenced John's music much to his detriment. When the Beatles broke up in 1970, Yoko was generally blamed and there was talk of death threats. Several weeks ago, she said: "Those hate votes, they're for me."




1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



John, Susan, John, 1979. 'It's over'

nostalgia. The man who wrote

Working Class Hero led a cushy, if one-sided, life in the Dakota. An insouciant and clear thinker, he nonetheless attributed magic powers to the Egyptian antiquities he collected. A very rich man by any standard, he said that he and Yoko "feel most comfortable now"—though they did so while 10 per cent of their earnings for certain causes, one of which was bailiwick payments for the New York City police.

All about the girl who came to stay?
 She's the kind of girl you want as much as
 mother you care.
 Still you don't want a single day.
 An overwhelming natural force as the
 Beatles were, John and Yoko became a
 union to be reckoned with. They produced
 a blank as the world's fair complexion by
 producing how much they loved each
 other, and how that was so right, from

one liberty, they are very strong. It kept me going. When you're hated in youth, you feel [that was feeding me]. A confirmed pacifist until he died, Lennon, ever changeable, changed his mind once again, stepping onto an armed plane to the Dakota. "I think that in order to survive and change the world, you have to take care of yourself first." In the end, devoted to his life with Yoko, Lennon had taken one of Russell's very well. He recently said, "If Yoko died, I wouldn't know how to survive. I couldn't enjoy me." Some of those left behind felt forsaken, others merely got on with the business of life leading into the black '80s.

¹ You and I have memories,
longer than the road that stretches
out ahead."

The Cavern Club where the Beatles first played is now a parking lot. Lennon's death is a reminder of the promise held in the Yoko, his new song, *Starting Over*, a renewal of a promise of a slightly different sort. After the shock of his death

stems that held couples back work. Of his new man's he said, "I hope the young kid like it as well, but I'm really talking to the people who grew up with me. Did you get through it all? What's the 2000's a drag, you know? Well, here we are. Let's make the 1990's great because it's up to us to make what we can of it." That thought can be carried around, like a talisman.

With film from Edie Christopher, Jill Karsenty, Marni Jackson, Ann Johnston and David Livingston

Caring enough to send only the best



ge champions John Curry, Robin Costas, Dorothy Hamill and Peggy Fleming, said "You have to give confidence to a skater. You have to show the boy or girl that you are very impartial, not pushing someone else." Canada entered neither of two possible men's singles skaters, and only one of two possible ice dancing teams.

The Canadian coaches are reluctant to discuss the CPGA. Several admit that they fear reprisals (on the form of figure skating officials advising students to seek coaching elsewhere) if they complain publicly. One who will speak out, Neil Carpenter, coach of former champion Ron Skover, says the CPGA focused Toddler Cramer over the first three-ranked Skover. The most glaring example is the CPGA decision not to host the 1994 World Junior Championships in the senior world championships rather than Canadian champions Heather Kennerken. The explanation was the desire to acquiesce the international judges with Warranau.

Three contestants who survived the CPUSA decision and made it to the semifinal were Spurred by a cheering, banner-waving crowd of 3,000, Larry Bauer and Lloyd Hunter, both 77-year-olds, skated flawlessly in the pairs final to edge out the Soviet duo of Marina and Oleg Aniskin. Behind the defending champions Larina, Solovtsova and Oleg Makarenko also of the USSR. In women's singles, Diane Mae Oquendo, whose skating career is a community project sponsored by blind running events in her home town of Woodstock, Mass., finished sixth. Christine Wang of Montreal finished third. But they shared the crowd's adoration with three other, 11-year-olds: the first, of ice skating legend, and the last, of ice skating legend, and the last, of ice skating legend. They were all so close that they applauded her accomplishment.

In ice dancing the brother and sister team of Karyn and Rod Garossena of Calgary captured the bronze medal. Competing in the most elegant but least popular of the figure skating disciplines, the Garossenas charmed the patrons with style and fluid choreography but were unable to match Elena Betsava and Allen Soloviev, the defending champions from the U.S.S.R.

In the end, the crisis was justified in entering the six Canadians who won two medals. The 10 skaters from the U.S. took three, while the Soviets won the remaining seven. And the competitors from 20 countries, including two from Communist China, which was represented for the first time, entertained the more than 10,000 spectators during the competition. But how entertained the 120,000 members of the CPSU were at the association's peculiar approach to encouraging competition remains to be seen. ☐

Everybody was intense but the hosts. The Canadian Figure Skating Association (CFS) hosted the world last week in London, but spent most of its time keeping the lid on excitement among its own skaters. The World Junior Figure Skating Championships drew a full complement of 186 skaters to far off London. Yet, allowed a team of 10 skaters, Canada, through a crisis, decided to enter just one. It was a decision that shocked the skaters but mystified Canadian and foreign coaches. CFS President David Dore explained that Canada wanted to enter only those skaters capable of "going to the podium" (placing in the top three) and that the decision should "encourage Canadian skaters."

The reaction of Canadian team leader

small participation but also, eventually, a

Barbara Gresham was typical. "We ran off my number of 15-year-olds who can stand up in the top half. We're not talking about elite performers, we're talking about elite performers," American Barbara Bates, coach of a Danish slater, shares the enthusiasm. "How can they [girls] expect to win competition if they don't train consistently?" she asks. "I don't think they're changing the characteristics," Canadian slater said. "I would have beaten all the men out there, and I finished third in my region behind younger people." (The slater was so worried that he requested his name not be used after his coach threatened to drop him if he lost.)

Chris Pappas, who finds among his athletes, Curtis Pappas, who finds among his illustrious pupils even's smiling winner

Show us victory, or show us out

It's not a good idea for Montreal teams to lose a couple of games in a row

By Trent Frayne

A person could fall right out of bed fretting over the plight of the sports fans of Montreal. If they aren't suffering one indignity, they're suffering another. Last week their insensitive heroes, Les Canadiens, lost for the second time in six weeks to Pittsburgh. Yet, Pittsburgh? Not the Pittsburgh Steelers, nor the Pittsburgh Pirates, but the Pittsburgh, ah, Penguins.

It wasn't as though the fans hadn't made their position clear. In the first setback, in the Montreal Forum, the fans booed when Pittsburgh went ahead and stayed there, winning by one goal in spite of that, six nights later the team went into Pittsburgh and lost anyway. A real bummer. In the 14-year history of the Penguins franchise, these players had never beaten Les Habitués in successive games. It's hard to imagine the Montreal ingrates doing this to their fans. After only 44 years, falling apart like that.

There is a persistent myth, widely spread, that Montreal is one of the sportiest towns. Montreal isn't, not if the yardstick is patience, perseverance and even a touch of gratitude for past favors. Anybody can flock to a winner's parade. You judge a town by how it responds to another team in the loss column. Montreal breaks out.

Early in November, only 17,400 persons were found-in at the annual playoff of the Eastern Conference of the troubled Canadian Football League. The troubled city, that is. The principal reason it is troubled is not that people are staying away in Regina or Calgary or Winnipeg or most of the other CFL stops, but that they are staying away from Montreal—17,400 fewer this season alone. And the season started with 17,400 as the lowest for a playoff game since players stopped hanging up their melenkies.

At the time of that game between the Alouettes and Ottawa, their ancient rivals, the Alouettes hadn't been in the Grey Cup final since away back the preceding November—damned nearly a year. In fact, since the 1954 Grey Cup game, which they won, the Alouettes had been in the big game only in 1955, 1977, 1978 and 1979.

It is evident, even in this past season, that Montreal fans weren't going to take defeat sitting down (not sitting

down in the Olympic Stadium, at any rate). Show is start, the Alouettes attracted only 46,074 for their first two home games. Thirty-three thousand fans do not even half fill the hall park. By playoff time, with 17,800 there, you could see why the 60,000-seat stadium is called the Big Owe. Only three years earlier, when the Alouettes were winning, the all-time record crowd of



46,328 watched their win the cup. It is not good news for the three teams in red, white and blue for, as Air Canada stewardess might phrase it, roars, blue is blue to lose a couple of games in a row in Montreal. Adoration has come only recently to the new-fangled, open Expo. For the first five years, they were a novelty and they were unique, the one and only Canadian ball club in the major leagues (all the joys of Jerry Park, remember?), but familiarity with their act brought a certain disenchantment, apparently, for by 1979 attendance had dropped to 645,000 from a high of 1,458,000 in 1970. The sentimental Montreal Gazette ran a pic-

ture of the owner, Charles Bronfman, one time when the team was gasping "There is no truth in the rumour," the caption sniffed, "that he wants to buy a major-league ball club."

Over at the Forum, this myth that Montreal fans are extra-special reaches right up to the 12th Stanley Cup presents suspended from the rafters. American magazine writers make periodic pilgrimages there and applaud Forum fans as the most knowledgeable and generous anywhere. "Without fail they applaud clever plays by opposing players," a man named Herbert Warren Wind has penned in a typical panegyric in *The New Yorker*. As I, myself, have responded to this baloney upon occasion, yes and so. When the Canadiens are leading somebody by 8-1 or 9-2, the fans in the Forum are generous to a fault. "Get it boy?" and "Oh, good for you" are greetings bestowed upon some weary old in a winking nod when he pulls his team to within nine goals of the gallant homesters. But when the score is 3-2 for the sons of bad women from out of town, they're ready to pull down the iron grinders in the roof and wrap them around the head of the dummy who is refereeing and the fat skulls of the anthropoids on the visiting bench. A fig for you, Herbert Warren Wind.

An exaggeration? Well, where else but at the Forum was hockey's wildest riot when fans threw garbage and smoke bombs at league President Clarence Campbell? It was late spring 1965, and Campbell had suspended Robert Richard, the people's choice, for the final few games on the schedule and for the playoffs. His offense was some piddling misbehavior like sampling a rival player three different times with three different hockey sticks, breaking them over this poor wrestler's head and shoulders, and for punching a linesman trying to get him stopped.

So after the first period of a game between the Canadiens and Detroit subsequent to the suspension, a nut leaped at Campbell and punched him twice. The city fire department ordered the Forum evacuated. Whereupon the crazies melted into the streets, breaking storefront windows and looting, overturning cars and starting fires. Thirty-seven people were arrested. And now to top it all, back-to-back losses in Pittsburgh. Does the nut still live in the city?

The last of the theatrical operations

Surgeons at Toronto General Hospital lose their clearing gallery in exchange for a new wing



Four times a day, five days a week, cardiovascular surgeons at Toronto General Hospital (TGH) raise their scalpels and begin an arduous six-hour odyssey into the heart to repair the ravages of coronary disease—the leading killer of adult Canadians. This year, TGH surgeons will perform almost one-fifth of the 4,000 such bypass operations in Canada, following procedures and using equipment largely pioneered in the green-tiled multi-floor operating theaters of the 180-year-old teaching hospital.

These moves have seen the debut of the cardiac pacemaker, valve replacement and hypothermia (rapid cooling to slow bodily functions). Here, too, the dyes and stents of the surgeon's craft were vigorously refined by world-renowned surgical teacher Dr. William Galie. Today, many top surgeons and former students (affectionately known as Galie's slaves) owe their expertise to his passion for perfection.

But as budgets constrict, there is little time for nostalgia. Last month, TGH closed the historic operating theaters and moved its surgical functions to a new wing. For their finale in the old wing, surgeons replaced the faulty heart valve of a 27-year-old man with that of a pig and did a quadruple bypass operation on four cholesterol-

Valve replacement operation (top left) operating theatre (top right) and gallery filled for noelists and fever cheerleaders on the sidelines



clogged arteries of a 60-year-old man. Standing transfixed above them were the last spectators in the spacious overhead gallery which, despite its dramatic appeal, is too tight to figure in the new no-frills wing.

While this precious surgery students

lose looking and more hands-on training, other students will rely on film instead of pained patients for their knowledge. From now on, as new surgical advances are made, there will be fewer cheerleaders on the sidelines.

—CATHERINE BOZDAR

Things that go bump on the dark side of science

Parapsychologists and the long road toward respectability

By Ana Silvestri

The human mind has creased into a way of seeing things. Those who have *envisaged nature according to a certain point of view during much of their career rise only with difficulty to new ideas. It is the passage of time, therefore, which must conform or force the opinion of those perceived.*

—Antoine Lavoisier, chemist, 1785-1794

Parapsychology is not exactly a new idea, but it is a field with which the scientific community has an antagonistic degree of familiarity. If scientists can get used to a way of seeing things, then they can become all the more elaborate when facing unknown and controversial phenomena such as extraordinary perception, telepathy and clairvoyance. These areas of parapsychology are often perceived as so much hocus-focus, belonging more on a carnival stage than in a laboratory. Their proponents assert that even the possibility of the existence of such phenomena warrants serious study. Nevertheless, when the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS)—the largest association of scientists in the world—meets early next month in Toronto, parapsychology will be absent from the agenda.

The parapsychology issue is now on a back burner, according to AAAS Executive Officer William Carey. Although the Parapsychological Association was admitted to the ranks of the AAAS in 2003, the stamp of approval has yet to be made for clear studies for psychic investigators. No parapsychological papers have been published since 1982 in the AAAS *Science*—a premier journal in the scientific world—because the research has not met tough scientific criteria, says Carey. Two years ago, prominent American physicist John Archibald Wheeler made an unsuccessful attempt to oust the parapsychologists from the AAAS. In the academic community, few degrees have been granted in parapsychology. Last year the first American PhD in the field was granted by the University of California (Berkeley), and in Canada the first and perhaps only master's degree for parapsychological research was granted in Toronto physician Howard Eisen-

berg by McGill University in 1971. Leading the fight against parapsychology is the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP). Its American chairman, Paul Kurtz, maintains that results of parapsychological experiments have never been duplicated by independent observers. James Alcock, York University psychology professor and head of the Canadian CSICOP, says bluntly: "After 100 years, nothing can be shown."

The CSICOP says it is devoted to neutral investigation, but some, like co-founder Marcello Truzzi, say it is actually in the position of defending orthodox science. Truzzi, sociology professor at Eastern Michigan University, believes the scientific evidence for parapsychology is "so far unconvincing."

But he breaks with the CSICOP when it, he says, adopted a "debating, scoring posture" instead of one of open-minded skepticism. Extensive critiques by the CSICOP of fraudulent researchers in the psychic field have the effect of tarring the scientific investigator with the same brush, he says. "That approach can close the door on responsible scientists with a guilt-by-association approach that runs the danger of being McCarthyite. And who needs all these powerful scientific figures to debunk charlatans anyway?"

Parapsychologists will admit there are special research problems in the field. Charles Tart, psychologist at the University of California (Irvine), has conducted ESP experiments which, described in the simplest terms, have a sender at a remote in one room and a receiver at a console in another. The receiver guesses which button the sender has pressed, and some receivers score significantly above chance. But, says Tart, the phenomena do not work reliably and no good theory to explain them has emerged. All the more reason to continue researching, he argues, although that is hampered by the "ridiculously small" amount of money available for such research.

Canadian parapsychological research-



Kurtz (above left), Alcock (above right), Eisenberg: scientists try to close their minds when facing an unseen phenomenon like extraordinary perception



Hansen, not unusual since the history of science is the history of belief

ers have complaints about an almost complete lack of research funds and what they consider unjustified criticism of their work. Bernard Grad, associate professor of psychiatry at McGill University, says he has got a lot of "link" about his research into psychic healing—research that included measuring the effect of the layman or of hands on mice. Grad says he has been criticized for his work because the emotional state of the healer is important and "modern science forces it back on anything where an emotional element enters in." Robert Burpee, professor of interdisciplinary studies at Simon Fraser University, carries out studies in telepathy and clairvoyance. He is diagnosed because so many scientists dismiss parapsychology without reading the research and notes parapsychologists have been their own best critics. On the other hand, friends of parapsychology are almost as worried as foes and the public should be careful to check the qualifications of self-proclaimed parapsychologists, says Eisenberg, who teaches a course in parapsychology at the University of Toronto.

Clearly, there is not yet enough hard evidence to persuade the bulk of scientists to accept the claims of parapsychologists. Meanwhile, the struggle for more research and recognition as a legitimate scientific endeavor continues. Critics often point out that parapsychologists tend to be "believers," that they go into research with preconceived ideas. But far from being unusual, U of T history of science professor Hoyt H Hansen says "the history of science is the history of belief." A healthy scientist, says U of T physics professor Lynne Tranter, should have a natural curiosity about the truth. "But some [scientists] just can't suffer to be wrong," he says. "In the end analysis, they're human beings." □

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—W.B. Yeats

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Living with the ghosts of the Holocaust

Survivors' children are taking stock of their emotional burden



Epstein (far left), Candice (above left) and Schoen. For me the Holocaust was always knowing there was a black cloud

By Yeha Kerenblum and Janice Arnold

Rose Candice still wakes up in a cold sweat from a recurrent nightmare that has haunted her since childhood: she's hiding alone in an attic, frozen in silence, while Nazi soldiers raid the house below. Irvin Wolfk recalls the biting embarrassment he felt because of his mother's reticence; the systematically repressed childhood friends and constantly carried about someone kidnapping her only son. Candice, a 35-year-old Montreal school teacher, and Wolfk, a 28-year-old psychiatry resident in Toronto, are among the offspring of some 30,000 Canadian Jewish survivors of the Nazi Holocaust. While in the past few decades the trauma has slowly been stripped away to reveal the survivors' new payoffs, it's only recently that psychiatrists and authors have directed their attention to analyzing the indelible mark the Holocaust has left on the second generation.

Influenced, in part, by the same introspection that fueled "consciousness-raising" groups of the '60s, the sur-

vivors' children are now, in effect, "coming out of the closet." Popularizations of books such as New Yorker Helen Epstein's *Children of the Holocaust* has spurred the formation of more than 200 support groups across North America. Late last month in Montreal, some 300 people took stock of their emotions at the first gathering in Canada devoted specifically to children of survivors.

The majority are beginning to accept that they are the span between an unspoken horror and the last far removal by their emotionally parched parents. Some who have inherited their parents' phobias, depression, paranoia, anxiety and guilt over the fact that they—the survivors—cheated fate and evaded Cautious Wolfk, whose mother fled through Buchenwald. "I was born when my parents were 40. All their hopes and dreams lay with me and I had to fulfil the aspirations of the members of two families who never survived."

The subject matter is far from new for Canadian researchers. In fact, psychiatrist Bernard Grossman of Hamilton, Robert Kreil of Vancouver and psychologist John Sigal of Montreal have been in the forefront of professional in-

quiry into the topic. Along with other professionals in Israel and the United States, they have found that many survivors, drained by concentration camp or other wartime deprivations, have exhibited limited emotional resources for coping with the demands of child rearing. Some parents compensate by being excessively overprotective. "I try to avoid telling them the horrors," admits Sylvia Weiss, a Montrealer who survived the Majdanek, Poland, concentration camp. "I don't want them to be sleepless like me." Other parents transmit a suspicious and hostile attitude



David Schoen. For me the Holocaust was always knowing there was a black cloud



Irvin Wolfk. For me the Holocaust was always knowing there was a black cloud

toward the Gentile world, while a third type reluctantly reminds the child of the suffering. "Perhaps the most deleterious parental attitude," wrote Grossman in 1968, "is the spoken or unspoken communication that this child must provide meaning for the parents' empty lives. He is treated not as an individual, but as a heavily invested symbol of the New World."

Consequently, even their peers, many of the survivors' children (born up to a host of emotions such as anger that is normal in adolescence). They desperately try to avoid upsetting their parents," explains Kreil, "and have a fear of expressing their anger, even as legiti-

mate concern, if it will cause any more pain and suffering." Most cope by funneling volatile emotions into professional avenues and become, stereotypically, overachievers and nurturers of family and friends. Pay an undetermined percentage (most research has yet to reveal the degree of mental illness in this group) seeks psychiatric help. For his part, Kreil assesses Vancouver families to break the "past of silence" about Holocaust experiences. Similarly, Montrealer Sigal runs a therapy group for a half-dozen children, and Toronto psychiatrist Henry Fogelson teams up parents with their offspring in weekend-long workshops.

All three emphasize that only a small number of survivors' children can be considered misperceptions. Fogelson believes that, in fact, "many manage tremendously well." As a result, many survivor parents resent the psychiatric assessments. Says Arie Beer, a Montrealer and president of the Association of Survivors of Nazi Oppression: "By publishing it we are creating a problem and making us more where there is none."

Yet even if they don't land on the psychiatrist's couch, inevitably the Nazi genocide permanently colors the lives of survivors' children. "For me the Holocaust was always knowing there was a black cloud on the horizon," says David Schoen, a New Yorker who studied a book of reflections by children, *Living After the Holocaust*. "It gave me a catastrophic perspective." Understandably, anti-Semitic clichés in the international arena stimulate a healthy degree of paranoia in most of the children. Yet others, like 36-year-old John Margolis of Montreal, want to cast off the yoke of their parent's biases. Unlike many of his counterparts who struggle even when the language is spoken, Margolis lived in Germany for eight years to "get answers" and recalls the fact that his generation in "Second World War" carry on a vendetta that is not ours.

As for the future, children of survivors are turning their eyes to the third generation with the hope of dissipating the lingering and unsettling legacy. "The meaning of this book is to tell them and when," says Candice. "I don't want them to think Jewish life is only the Holocaust." Still, the second generation's emotional investment in their own children is likely to be as intensive as their parents' investment in theirs. Remarks Morton Weinfeld, an assistant professor of sociology at McGill University, now working on a study of survivors: "I only made my peace with the Holocaust at a deeper level when my daughter was born. I felt that the genocide was over and I was free to live in some sense I was undoing Hitler." □

The Top 40 confessional

Pop psychology is the newest gimmick on the A.M. dial



Nadine Berger, sympathetic advice with a measure of West Coast psycho-babble

The radio caller's voice had an electric tingle to it. He was frightened. "I love a married woman," the voice said. "She loves me, but she doesn't want to leave her children. I don't know what to do." Vancouver's hot-line psychologist Nadine Berger offered rapid-fire advice: "You need to set up a strong support system for yourself. We don't always get what we want." For psychologist Berger, the call is one of a cascade of hard-luck stories and heart-bill outpourings on CMO's three-month-old 24-hour daily program, *Solutions*. So far it is Canada's most recent in radio's newest gimmick: pop psychology on the AM dial, a program second in the U.S.

The theory is to raise ratings by dropping the age of listeners. "We do it differently. Enough," says Berger, a 30-year-old Toronto native who received a master's degree in psychology from San Francisco's Antioch College and has done stints as host of CBC's *Today* 20 and interviewer on the Vancouver TV show *Sunday Magazine*. Instead of just taking calls, the 300,000-a-year host talks to "celebrities who have had a problem, overcome it and taken a stand," and then opens the phone lines. One of the more dramatic guests was Charlotte Vale Allan, author of *David's Girl*, who talked about incest and how her father molested her. "I cried after the session," says Berger, "after listening to what those people had been living with for so long."

The soul-baring on the crystal set brings record reaction from professional ranks. The B.C. Psychological Association is taking a wait-and-see attitude. The Canadian Mental Health Association is ruffled. "We have a real fear of the program," says Frank Frost, president of the B.C. division. "Listeners may identify with the discussion on air, but then don't know where to get help. They may be emotionally disturbed." He has asked the national office to investigate the U.S. program, while he monitors *Solutions*.

Berger says she's not an oracle and stresses the advice troubled callers to agencies that can help. The advice is crisp with a measure of West Coast psycho-babble, says Berger. "We're afraid of negative feedback, afraid of showing our vulnerable spots. *Solutions* gives people the sheer pleasure of releasing."

That releasing could lead to the kind of primitive rage bullfights thrive on. After all, passionate emotion brings ratings. If spring ratings show the phone-in isn't helping or utilizing the "new generation," perhaps a more sophisticated approach will be needed. Berger has so far avoided the temptation, and radio's management says indications of ratings are good. So far better or worse, say hello to the electronic confessional. —BOB LUTY

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JUSTICE

Bailing out the small fry

Pretrial probation cuts costs and jail populations

By Jim Beaudin and
Linda Jean Butler

Early one morning late last summer, Cliff Lockhart, 25, was arrested and charged with breaking and entering. At the police station, he was fingerprinted, photographed and held in detention until he was transferred to a holding cell below the courtrooms in Toronto's Old City Hall to await his bail hearing. A three-time offender and a small-town Nova Scotian, he was terrified he had no lawyer, money or friends except those who were charged with him. But to his surprise, instead of being jailed as he expected because he couldn't pay the \$500 bail, he was released and put under the supervision of a bail officer. Says Lockhart: "I was relieved because I didn't want to go back to jail."

Lockhart is one of more than 500 offenders who have benefited from a recently introduced bail supervision pilot project now operating in 18 Ontario cities. The program, similar to a probation before trial, is designed to keep defendants out of jail if they have been charged with petty crimes carrying maximum sentences of two years or less. Although still in its second year of operation, the bail supervision program has helped reduce Ontario's annual average pretrial or remand population of 17,000 by as much as nine per cent in some centres. A report due to be released early in the new year will accom-

pany the pilot project because a permanent program. Penal experts across the country are hopeful that through this kind of program the vast majority of those charged with petty crimes will remain free until proven guilty.

The main reason for the introduction of the bail program was the burgeoning population and skyrocketing cost of building and maintaining detention centres. According to Ontario Minister of Correctional Services Gordon Walker, the ratio of accused to sentenced inmates in Ontario alone (30-90) is double that of either England or the U.S. Overpopulation usually occurs because many of the accused are not able to raise even the small bail fees of \$50 to \$100 and consequently spend an average of two months in jail waiting for trial at an approximate cost to the province of \$30 a day. "The old pretrial fact is that supervision within the community prior to trial is considerably less expensive than a remand in custody," says provincial court Judge Robert D. Baily of Kitchener, Ont. He also believes that an accused who is presumed by law to be innocent should not have to wait in custody simply because he lacks the supervision that could be provided by the community.

In order to serve the monthly remand population of 400 in Metropolitan Toronto, the professional full-time staff of 33 has found that its work can be supported by engaging about a dozen com-



Betty (left) and a man (right) helping the majority of accused remain free until proven guilty.

munity volunteers. Operating as a private nonprofit organization, the staff administers the program with a budget of \$308,200 a year. Once a bail supervisor agrees to supervise an accused in lieu of bail, he informs the court and helps him take advantage of public community services such as welfare and housing. A supervisor may also accompany the accused during interrogations by Crown attorneys and police. Alison Cook, a former nurse and Lockhart's bail supervisor, says the work can be emotionally gratifying and frustrating, but adds, "All the hassles are worth it because I get a lot of joy out of seeing people being helped."

Bail supervision programs originated in the U.S. in the 1960s as a result of

crises in overcrowded jails in cities such as New York. But it was only after the Bail Reform Act was passed in 1970 that the first Canadian bail supervision program was introduced in British Columbia. Terry Reid, head of the Community Pre-Trial Services Unit in Vancouver, says the province's program was readily approved by judges and defense counsel, but police were reluctant at first because they feared the accused would escape. "Now," he says, "the police really like the program because they don't want to have to do any supervising after a case is brought in." In Alberta, where Canada's only other lar-

ge bail program has been operating in some centres since 1975, approval is expected shortly for a more complete program, possibly based on the Ontario model. Some of the other provinces are still studying feasibility studies.

Perhaps the program's best selling point is an unexpected bonus: not only does it keep the pretrial population down, but initial results indicate that it also tends to keep an offender out of jail altogether. Connie Mahony, the social worker who designed the Ontario program, points out that the defendant who awaits trial while living in the community under bail supervision is statistically more likely to require a fine or probation compared to the same type of offender who awaits trial in jail. In fact, 80 per cent of those incarcerated because repeat offenders Toronto criminal lawyer Doug Selkowitz says that the effect of the program on a number of his clients—some as young as 16—has been excellent. "It allows them to start a new life." For Lockhart—who will go to trial next March—participation in the program provided access to higher education. Next year, with financial assistance from a Manpower Centre, he will enter a computer programming course. "Getting into this trouble," says Lockhart, "led me to the right people to get to where I am going." □

"Help Me Save a Child..."

Anne Murray—mother of two, sponsor of children in the developing world, Honorary Champion of **Save the Children** and international celebrity—admits that one of the best joys in life is being able to help children.



She is one of the many Canadians who help youngsters in need through **Save the Children**. Over the past 30 years, **Save the Children** has brought hope to young refugees left starving and homeless, and to children who suffered through conflicts and natural disasters in Spain, Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Vietnam, Korea, India and the Americas.

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Cook (left), Lockhart: "Getting into this trouble led me to the right people"



Born to run, fight and win

By Bart Testa

Deep in the bowels of Madison Square Garden, among the 100 lanes where *Boxing for Dollars* is often broadcast, a post-concert party for rock singer Bruce Springsteen was past the stage of lawsuits for the bettogs and backlashes. The rock writers covering the current Springsteen tour gathered together to hear the usually and conspicuously unboastful singer again how much rock criticism has taken on the tenor of sportswriting. Talk of injuries, trades and news, smart plays and, above all, winning and losing, filled the air. For rock's paid observers, Bruce Springsteen is the star who blasted his way out of the cellar of rock's big leagues, the threat who has become a contender with this one 40-city tour.

When Springsteen arrived, well after three, he looked as burst from the night's rainbows: he needs to keep his body from seeping up. He was surrounded by an entourage wholly untouched by glamor, even his manager and producer, Jon Landau, looked more like a nervous insurance lawyer than the guide of the season's torchbearer. Wrapped in a heavy sweatshirt and quilted ski jacket, Springsteen danced from foot to foot, staring wildly with his hands and talking a blue streak, almost how the stage ahead, his head played, about how his feet hurt. He never sat down. He looked exactly like a featherweight boxer and not like a songwriter as all. Certainly not like the rock star he has, in a sense, finally become.

The near hysteric of Springsteen's rapidly expanding legion of fans seems to be emerging as the big news of his third major tour, the first to bring him into 20,000-seat arenas like Madison Square Garden over the American Thanksgiving Day weekend and similar venues in Canada in January. Springsteen had been hailed as "the future of rock 'n' roll" in 1975 when his third album, *Born to Run*, began to blaze from car radios and his picture made the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* simultaneously. He then first appeared from under the shadow of a protracted legal dispute with his ex-manager, Mike Appel. Even after his 1978 album, *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, and a successful tour of small concert halls had proved he could pick up the pieces, Springsteen remained more an object of skepticism than a reason to believe. The real possibility of object

fallen has dogged every step of his often shaky career. By taking another two years to release *The River*, his new double album, he threw away what momentum he had gained, perpetually cornering disaster all over again. But on stage at the Garden, Springsteen made it obvious just how important the threat of his career's collapse has become in his arsenal of melodramatic postures. He opened the first of his two long sets (20 songs and 55½ hours) with his hit *Prove It All Night*, then lunged directly into an unknown new song, *Two Hearts*. For Springsteen, every concert is a ritual combat, he stalked the Garden stage like this was a championship bout.



During 1980's *One*, with Clarence Clemons and Samuel Gary Taylor, Springsteen an all star right in the Garden, the "Born to Run" featherweight boxer: The rocker

Under the spotlights, he didn't so much dance as do footwork. He reeled, tripped, skidded and climbed high on the equipment in displays of physical grace—he has little—but of daring and endurance. The rock persona Spring-

steen has taken on is close to the ethnic fighters of another generation. He is rock's Rocky, a kid with big sentiments from the crummy part of town. He has one, the town was Freshkill, N.J., a railroad suburb with an industrial park. "We vintage frame houses and a slush of gas stations that service cars on their way to the Jersey shore. Yet, as the racism of his current tour indicates, Springsteen's publically proud downscale image has finally proved to be more romantic than regional, crossing boundaries no one suspected the East Coast boy could cross.

In fact, Springsteen surprised everyone when *Dolls* began selling out in a matter of days, streetwise fans across the Midwest, and officials in the cities where he was scheduled to appear feared the kind of frenzy that reigned in the bowels of 11 Who fans in Cincinnati last December. Such worries proved groundless in volatile New York, just as they had in Chicago, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Cincinnati itself. Police New Jersey kids filed through four sets of heavily manned police barricades to watch their local champions reach for euphoria. Between songs they kneed "Broosewose..." sobbing the walls of New York sports crowds. They stood and cheered through the hard rockers, Springsteen and the E Street Band letting loose with a strength and raw rhythm they couldn't have wasted two years ago. And, surprise of surprise, they settled down in their seats to listen to ballads, sometimes strung together in fours. In these two songs (well over half the concert was *One* in from *The River*), Springsteen's graduation-night abandon and street-cumulative imagery have given way to the sober, stripped-down, narratives of *One*. *Black, French on the Highway* and *Indecision* they Springsteen performed them standing rock still, narrow side spots playing over his small frame. His voice was a confident instrument—rather the quirky, image-splitting soloist once labelled "a new Dylan" for the overwrought rebel of *Dolls* to *One*. Whether deliberately or not, his grim countenance recalled early Arthur Miller and his tightly coiled posture re-produced the silhouette of a method actor doing a soliloquy.

As instantly an American sentimental popstar as rock has seen since the swing, Elvis Presley, Springsteen has played to his working-class roots years after rock has become middle-class celebrity music. He seems to have instinctively connected with the anxieties of increasingly secure adolescents as well as with the disappointments of older rock listeners who bear him as an echo of aspirations their youth culture never dreamed were coming. At 31, Springsteen has only one subject, narrow horizons within dispiriting expectations. His own weddings and bad jobs burden *The River* as much as fast cars propelled *Dolls* to *One*. And this shift, while leading him far from most modern rock, has torn his audience exposed emotionally in just a few weeks. It startled Springsteen when the crowd in the Garden sang the whole first verse of the new *Hungry Heart* before he had a chance to hit the first note. But what convinced him he had won this particular championship bout, what persuaded him that his people knew what the "Beat" was talking about, was 18,000 fans jumping high to roar out his rebellious anthem *Prove It All Night*. They believe.

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If memories are made of this let's forget the '60s



LONG WAY FROM HOME
by Myra Koutash
(Globe Lerner, \$22.95)

Here is a 300-page whoddy for '60s radicals. This book is not, as the subtitle states, *The Story of the Sixties Generation in Canada*. Myra Koutash has simply made a lot of the political activities during that decade of the remarkably small number of dogmatic adolescents who claimed to constitute a Canadian new left. She seeks to prove that student life's experience was different in Canada than in the U.S. But half the book details how revolutionary change in that flowered north from Selma, Chicago, Berkeley

On every page, leftist historiographical hokey is larded out in gurgling polysyllables. Koutash remembered that "most official labour of my life" by rifling through old journals and yellowing stacks of radical brochures. Certainly the bumps every radical got: SDPA, CIO/ND, RCMP, SDS, RFL, CIA, PLG, DND/CS. That's how *Long Way From Home* reads too, like a tireless recitation of acronyms, after each of which the detailed lefty is required to consult Yea or Nay. Student power, abortion, rights of women, Americanization of the Canadian press, feminism, dope, co-opting of grassroots programs by the government-sponsored Company of Young Canadians. But of these causes there is too little analysis, only name-dropping.

Samples of the author's use of English: "And what then of the 1960s? Perpetrator of totalitarianism." Or "Berish a Whiff and you find an American, a petri leprosy continent." Of two groups, one is described as "inherently prejudicial." More of 'em, eh?

Consider this "In the visionary surrealist and postmodernism of the movement, in its aesthetic epiphany, its co-operative households, its renaissance of the ego, its playful arts, and its acknowledgement that every human has something to do with pleasure and beauty as well as labour and struggle is the synthesis of poetry and revolution." Now that is not language, not argument. It is LAD-pile talk. It is wish-fulfillment. Koutash seems to have merely consumed page upon page of rant from these doctrinaire pamphlets of yore and spewed it back in her face, and ignored, avoided and evaded it enough.

She lays out all the tarred-and-feathered of the Sixties. Even old Bobby Dylan himself is offered up for venison. One rifle shot on the author's part might have turned up the 1968 interview of Dylan by Neil Kinnear, in which the sainted troubadour said "Songs can't save the world. I've gone through all that. When you don't like something, you gotta learn to just not need it." Thank you, Bob, Oh Captain of Revolutionary Thought!

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Cormorant*, Whitehorn (1)
- 2 *The Rite to Wholeness*, Pabst (2)
- 3 *Persepolis*, King (3)
- 4 *From the North*, Shotton (4)
- 5 *The Girl of the Year*, Brown (5)
- 6 *Jordan Time and Now*, Kishor (6)
- 7 *Years in Time*, MacLennan (7)
- 8 *The Blinder Target*, MacLennan (8)
- 9 *Fanny Hill*, (9)
- 10 *Portage Road*, Kishor (10)

At the end of this labor Koutash delivers a stern, blistering lecture about why we must not forget the Sixties, about the new left being co-opted by middle class, urban and fear. Fear! Listen to this "Because of the sensitive nature of the details of people's lives from that period... I have not used their names in the text." And, sure enough, every page bristles with anonymously unidentified questions. Koutash's rage at the postmodernist difficulties of Canada's left is not surprising in the rage of Cullinan seeing his own face in the mirror.

A final note: "The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance of the Canada Council in the preparation of this book." Some things, common in the '60s, have apparently not changed the spectacle of so-called radicals still firmly attached to the public text. But enough! Oh so! Out of this release, a new nation: those who cannot remember the past are condemned to be reminded of it by Myra Koutash in which case oblivion, please. —BILL CASPERMAN

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Mags*, Gray (1)
- 2 *The Invasion of Canada, 1612-1613*, (2)
- 3 *Crish*, (3)
- 4 *Crish*, (4)
- 5 *Crish*, (5)
- 6 *Crish*, (6)
- 7 *The Little Innkeepers*, (7)
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TELEVISION

Refuge for a dear diarist

THE MAN WHO HID ANNE FRANK
CBC, Dec. 17

The Man Who Hid Anne Frank, the profile Harry Rasky's new documentary, is, for starters, named Victor Kugler (who is indeed the man who allowed the Frank family to live sequestered in the famous hidden attic during the Nazi occupation and he can take credit for preserving their lives long enough for young Anne's diary to take shape as an inspiring record of the human spirit) confronted with megalomaniacal inhumanity (except for the father, Otto, the family ultimately perished in the death camps of the Third Reich.) For years now, Kugler has lived in obscurity in Toronto as if to forget the terrible drama in which he played such a decisive part. He initially agreed to narrate his reminiscences for Rasky's film, but at 70 he was in ill health and a return to Amsterdam proved more traumatic than he could cope with. Kugler's appearance in the documentary is brief and unimpassioned. ("During the war I saw Mr. Frank every day and also Mrs. Frank") and

only Rasky in the Frank's hideout is counterpointed to renewed images



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the project that to be refused extensively. Says Asko, "I purposely left the title of the film as what we had started with. I think it is a small price to pay to show that man tribute. Whoever loved his neighbor more than this man—to put his life on the line."

Asko's teen-aged daughter, Holly, took over as narrator and when she first appears, on horseback and sporting efficient riding gear, it seems as if her way to address the tragedy of another teen-aged girl in another time was dead because she was a Jew. But Holly accepts herself well, introducing us to



Anne Frank: people are good at heart

Kugler's wartime friends and Anne's teacher, talking us through the streets of Amsterdam and into the surprisingly cozy, slope-roofed apartment where the Franks took refuge from the Nazis. The Amsterdam skyline—that familiar, bourgeois city—offers a stark, chilling counterpoint to scraps sewered footage of the nighttime city in flames, the literal Holocaust that pales in comparison to the moral one.

The documentary is not especially impressive in its technique nor very adroitly focused, but it succeeds in spite of itself. It succeeds on the strength of Holly's voice-over excerpt from the spoken Anne Frank's famous diary. The bright, optimistic and, the doomed ambition to become a writer, the untainted conviction, in the face of the malignancy that surrounded her, that "people are really good at heart"—these facts speak more eloquently than the staggering, bald statistics of genocide in drama or documentary, the power of Anne Frank's testament endures.

—BRIAN MACVICKAR

FILMS

Popeye still needs his spinach

Also for Christmas: cracked Christie, malcontent Marlon, sincere Lennon

POPEYE

Directed by Robert Altman

What has happened to Robert Altman (*M*A*S*H*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Nashville*)—one of the most original talents to emerge in movie-making in the '70s? His quasi-musical *Popeye* might seem like some kind of return to form after *Quintet* and *A Perfect Couple* (what wouldn't?), but some of the welters of the movie survives from the original cartoon. The rest may be a result of the 80 per cent or so of John Penfether's script that made it to the screen, a cartoonist himself, Penfether has a quick, unfixed wit and understands the value of simplicity in the visual translation of a cartoon from page to screen. Just when we want our spirits lifted, Altman gives us a wretched number that he has no idea how to stage—just with their weren't there. He chooses his shots for their intrinsic value, apparently never considering what they will look like strong together, disrupting the continuity of the simple story line. *Popeye* is a quite experience, merely the sum of its parts.

Those parts are often peaches. The art director, Wolf Kroeger, has created a remarkably handsome Sweethaven, the town where Popeye (Robin Williams) searches for his pager, merry Olve Oyl (Shelley Long) and finds Swee-pie (Wesley Ivan Hurt) in a fawning basket. The Sweethaven Page comes upon Swee-pie as an every-thing and looks upon strangers with suspicion. But neither *Popeye* nor Altman carry that satire there further. The movie lurches all of its affectations as Popeye retelling the old-timed *Swee-pie* from the villain Bluto (played by Paul Smith) and finding *Popeye* (played by Wesley Ivan Hurt), with bulging forearms, rosy cheeks and spunky eyes, has tossed down from his Mark routines on TV and gives *Popeye* a turned-back, W.C. Fields vocal delivery. Physically perfect for Olve Oyl, Shelley Long sings as though her wig is on too tight, what words work in the number in which she defends her betrothal to Bluto, but sports her last with delicate grace from handling too many hamburgers, an little to do. And *Swee-pie* (played by Wesley Ivan Hurt) is a good, but not a great, as the best, best. This season, one of the early favorites in set a drowsy start or



Popeye and loved one—Williams, Hurt and Duval. The parts are often peaches.

By the time *Popeye*, spinach-fed, beats the ironic daylight out of Bluto and saves his girl, it's in a figher and screaming her head off from an "ecstasy," there have been too many ill-fated affairs and too many threasure hunt songs. As for Altman, *Popeye*, compared with his earlier work, is yet another humiliation. —LOTT



And now for a word with Wolf Kroeger, the star of the show

Every one, as the annual avalanche of movie-released-just-in-time-for-Christmas chatters down on theatres across North America, a smiling crowd of these handbags follows in its wake, doing up the best, best. This season, one of the early favorites in set a drowsy start or

grained victim of star wars, but a set—the mythical village of Sweethaven, home to Popeye and Olve Oyl in Robert Altman's comical version of the granddaddy of the comic strip.

The dreamer behind Sweethaven's rocky, charming and utterly fantastical hedge-podge of 35 buildings is 39-year-old Montrealer Wolf Kroeger. He and his assistant, Stephanie Reibel, spent more than eight months designing and building Sweethaven from scratch. Finding a rocky bay on Malta that closely resembled Popeye's native New England coast, Kroeger set about erecting an entire living village—complete with cobbles, hotel, sawmill and even a floating casino—for \$1.7 million. "I wanted everything to look like it's just about to fall into the ocean, hanging on its last nail, as to speak, get said," says the self-proclaimed Kroeger. "I thought that would be Popeye. He looks like he's falling apart but he always stands in there, strong and lasting."

Director Altman has nothing but effusive praise for Kroeger's work. He felt the set went beyond being a background and created a spell. "It was his big part of the film as the cast or script, in importance and quality. The minute we got the cast into costumes and walked them on onto that set, it all fell into place." Kroeger's litigating-winning sets for *In France* or *Old Women* landed him his director's job as Altman's Quarter, where he took dramatic liberties into the empty shells of buildings left over from Maitreille's Expo '87. He

strapped on with Altman as visual consultant on *Wuth* before being turned loose on *Popeye*.

Germino-huge, Kruger's first design jobs were for Australian television. He returned to Germany for a brief episode as an art director with the Munich State Opera in 1970, and then came to Canada, where he found a job at CFTO, the flagship station of the CTV network—only to be fired for refusing to cut his hair. "I took them to court and won a small settlement," he remembers, "but I had a tough time finding work for a while afterwards." The people he has worked for have all come away impressed with his ability to deliver a design to a script. Unlike some designers, Kruger doesn't just back in his designs and move on to the next project; he carries the art from start to finish, dilly-dally about every last detail and pushing himself and his crew through 12- to 18-hour days.

As for the still standing, deserted set he left behind in Malta, he says, "My brothers used to walk away from me. I had a lot of good times, in fact. I got drunk a lot on that set." Will it win an Oscar? "An ounce hugs with the work I did. If it gets recognized, so much the better." And he still has a little more to say. "If Wolf doesn't win an Oscar, there is no justice." —WAYNE GRUBBS

The bittersweet creak of old age

TELL ME A LITTLE
Directed by Gus Grant

Tell me a fiddle is a portrait of a marriage that, after 47 years, has become as quiet and lovely as breakfast for two. The two Russian immigrants, David (Melvyn Douglas) and Eva (Ida Krolowicz) don't agree about their last years together: he wants to go to the main street home to be with his buddies, she wants to stay in her white-framed house with her books, looking through a magnifying glass at the photo album of her loved ones. Their quarrel has stunged in cranky silence, until she has cleaned a mirror down on the other, only peering through it now. When David licks, "This house is a stinking shop!" Eva switches off her hearing aid, when their children come to dinner to help David search her bar for books, she covers like a child in the kitchen.

In her debut as a director, Gus Grant has had the courage to make a film so quiet it's almost a whisper. Based on Tilde Olsen's novella, it is a vigil kept for the lonely creak of old age when bones creak, memories fail and hearts grow cold. It's lovely. She's there. There are not the silver-haired grand-

Krolowicz, just like the Rose Bowl queen



parents of television swinging babies in the background. Eva swings in her garden, but alone in a ransacked, after David is asleep. When David, so much more at home in North America, brings her a message to make up for a fight and tells her she looks just like the Rose Bowl queen, she is surprised, and smiles and smiles between them stretch out like telephone wires.

Krolowicz, with her thick old body wrapped in black and her heart stout on her sleeve, and Douglas, with his hands caressed in his chest and his eyes exploring her to come to his side, are a pair to haunt you to the grave. It's a shame that these two weren't left alone to write off their problems—they are more than up to it. Instead, they are shattered across the continent, dropped into the left life of their granddaughters Jeanette (Brooke Adams). Adams is a hot breath of Hollywood that ignites a fire, more force, and her presence changes this simple story. None of this, however, weakens the tension between the two. When their reconciliation finally comes, with Douglas moaning "My miracle, my enemy, my girl," it seems even the walls will vibrate.

—ANN JACOBSON

Stay home with a good game of Clue

THE MURDER CRACKED
Directed by Guy Boswell

If I would be more accurate to say that *The Murder Crackled* is finished rather than old-fashioned. The plot, following Miss Jane Marple (Angela Lansbury), is one of Agatha Christie's

evolution. It's 1965 and we're in the England of "After my husband, the colonel, died..." at a country estate where an anonymous busy-mother has just quaffed a poisoned drink. The suspense, all introduced in the Christie drawing-room style, are involved in the making of a movie. Mary Queen of Scots the director (Rock Hudson) and his once-famous, pop-popping actress-wife (Elizabeth Taylor), the producer (Tony Curtis) and his actress-wife (Kim Novak) and the director's secretary-mistress (Geraldine Chaplin). Even the very slow action will figure this one out with haste.

Lansbury, her young twin and Indian-born husband hidden by (little-daddy) making, doesn't have much to do cleverly, she's laid up with a bad leg and it's left to her nephew (Edward Fox), a Scottish War inspector, to do the legwork. Poorly lit, hastily edited and paced (a particularly burning point of the movie has the feel of a park ball and the vitality of a visit. But there are some pearls. The very idea of Les Taylor and Kim Novak playing the Queens of Scots and Elizabeth II is a source of endless amusement, and the

Elizabeth as Mary: a vicar's widow



screenwriters have provided a spectacularly bitchy interplay for these two. "Clue up, darling—both of them," says Kim. Counters Les: "There are two things I hate about you—your face." Let it be said that Taylor is highly entertaining. Tony Curtis, on the possibility of his leading lady getting killed before the movie is finished, gets off one good line: "I'll stop her up and dab her." That, for the most part, seems to be the tack taken with *The Murder Crackled*. —L. OT



A touch of evil and the taint of oil

THE FORMULA
Directed by John Amberg

Toward the end of the Second World War Germany had made great strides in refining the process of hydrogenation, used to make synthetic fuel from coal. Germany's richest resource: Hitler had given I.G. Farben (the chemical company that manufactured the gas for the death camps) five billion marks to find a way to use less oil in the process. By the time the war ended the Germans, having come upon a raw chemical catalyst, were using a ratio of 50-per-cent coal to 50-per-cent oil. The formula for it disappeared and has never surfaced again. Victor Stone Shagart's plausible and highly persuasive thesis in *The Formula* is that the magic act of equating was quickly pocketed by an international oil cartel who kept it secret at all costs to drive up the price of oil and eventually reap enormous profits.

The lovely thesis in the movie version of *The Formula* loses its impact as a tangle drama unfolds with George C. Scott as an A-1, detective tracking down the killers of his friend and his friend's wife. A routine investigation takes Scott to Germany and much bigger game, several other murders and a romance with a double agent (Michele Keller). By the time the formula has fallen into his hands, he realizes that it will be kept secret as long as Adam Smith (Marlon Brando) is movie on the board of one of the biggest, cartels, wants it to be—until the oil crisis subsides.

There are so many people popping up and then popping off in *The Formula* it's hard to keep tabs on the narrative, and John Amberg (Scott) is such a pedestrian director that crucial events

Scott, Brando, greed is transcended

such as Scott being given the actual formula have the same weight as grandiose empty scenes. *Amberg* also lacks the sense of rage that would give Shagart's theory emotional immediacy. Scott doesn't have a character to hold us to, so he comes on the ruffled charm of his personality. Keller, God bless her, looks absolutely hot and undeniably sounds like Elmer Fudd ("I promise you"). Ironically, the only character to emerge with any clarity is Brando's badde, a man as rich and powerful that he has transcended greed and entered the realm of what Huxley Arendt called "the possibility of evil." Totally amoral, Stoffel actually believes in himself and what he is doing, and Brando plays him as a drill old farmer who follows the American Way with, of course, his own spin. When he says, "Archie, you mean the paint and the car and the Aruba," it's a funny, shocking line—one of many *The Formula* never fully explores nor highlights. —L. OT

Death puts on its party clothes

TRIBUTE
Directed by Bob Clark

If death really is a black pit of eldritch horror is it that Bernard Biale's *Tribute* merely makes it seem so? The dying man in the film adaptation of *Studebaker* is as regular a guy as you would ever want to meet. He's Biale's Templeton (Jack Lemmon), an offbeat slacker on the back, and a little bowl-of-cherries Broadway geek who once showed promise as a writer. When Biale gets the news of his cancer, he embarks on an act of contrition: maybe he should have said more and been more responsible instead of pulling his stick. So he takes what time he thinks

he has left to make contact with his son, Bud (Robby Benson), a clonched young man several scenes away from being a broken man. The son, you see, his always resented his father and envied him for his job as a writer.

That, if you'll believe, is none of the big dramatic revolutions of *Tribute*, none that make us go aaaa. "We need some time," says Bud, trying to get his father into hospital for treatment. "Why?" Scottie asks. "Because I'm not ready to cry over you yet." Bud says sadly, *Amember*. Scottie falls through in the hospital while Bud comes through with the emotional music, finally arranging a tribute for Scottie in a theater filled with all of Scottie's friends (some of those would-be you know it's a hater who asserts that Scottie is the only one of her jobs who always made her feel "human").

Give us a break. *Tribute* markets the middle-aged death with gusto and, it must be admitted, some kind of pathos. It's a fine example of high emotionalism with clearly defined ends and embraces the one ends are there if you wish to cry. This is a shame, since the movie has actually been unusually well directed by Bob Clark. (He did the elegant *Melody* by Devere) and Scottie is,

Lemmon, Benson pulling at his stick



in part, very well played by Lemmon, whose performance has Academy Award written all over it—outburst, tears, etc. etc. But in the quiet moments, such as a scene with his ex-wife (Kim Basinger) where he confesses his feelings about dying, the fine actor emerges. Biale is a marvel, and Bud the Dad can't understand his Dad's passion for living and it's left to the audience to supply sympathy for Biale. We are supposed to be overwhelmed by Scottie's agonizing—when every word he utters risks of a too fastidious rehearsal. —L. OT

Wild nights at the public trough

The Ottawa torpor is punctuated only by the sound of marriage breakups

By Allan Fotheringham

Ottawa, in the winter of our malaise, is sited up like the minimalist of an old black truck. The lazier town, shuddering in anticipation of the blizzard, has a heartbeat even slower than its usual sluggish pace. It is contrived with contrivance, Tony-nomineering and the onslaught of late-wintered gas rolls. Even the three, three-and-one-half-Ridley takes on the appearance of an old Marx Brothers comedy, played in slow motion, with a grainy film—and no much sound.

Of the three factors responsible for the present torpor, Pierre Elliott Trudeau's compulsive obsession with the constitution's language has mesmerized the public to the extent that government has stopped Allan J. MacLachlan, the world's first invisible finance minister, has been able to remain in hiding from the public while rather impressive economic problems are hidden on the back pages so long as transcontinental constitutional issues and the wiggles of Senator Harry Hall (the only remaining dinosaur still alive in Alberta) distract the attention of the media.

Mr. Trudeau, however, has a certain problem in capturing the head-buzz of the masses with the message of panic on the constitution. His penchant for arbitrary deadlines (imposed on the locals has a trifling bit of inconsistency while he is seen to be off to solve the voracity problems of Senegal and Brazil and adjacent whist-stop). His non-existent interest in the North-South tug-of-war, in admissible and, in doubt, his own suggestion that politicians be more selective in their dog food. As an inspirational message to those at home who have to listen to Senator Hall it ranks somewhere below the appeal of Orin Roberts. Even the unrepentant Jean Chretien, who correctly (from the constitution debate to a visit to the dentist, knows the Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Saskatoon News*.

government's lofty haste has lost the battle, and the Liberals, who know so much what is good for us, will now have to regroup and rethink their agenda. For a party which with device windows, it does have very steep things with a regularity that is impressive.

If the Grifts are bogged down on one issue to the detriment of all others, the Tories are hypnotized by an issue that they pretend does not exist. It is the stage lantern show of Joe Clark, their

come as he is swimming for his life. With Brian Mulroney running hard on the spot in Montreal and John Crosbie increasingly clearing his throat, the Tories are doing nothing but talking to themselves—not always a profitable venture. The main elaborate dance at the moment is to dispose of Bill Nemile, the chief of staff who was the main architect of Clark's own rise into a wet sponge. The fiction is that Clark is stoned away toward Nemile—and the February convention, when it will be announced he is referring to private industry just before the press catches him. It will be a dead beat.

To compound the problem, a town that does not produce anything, but exists on paper and talk, naturally finds an outlet in parties. For such a sluggish place, inhabited by people who regard a mouse as a large right out, Ottawa has an extraordinary number of Christmas parties. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that practically all are fuelled by the taxpayer's generosity. A major controversy has been the three parties swagging over which night and which event is most important. HUI they are given for their annual blowout. Parliament Hill begins to resemble a Shrimers' convention at full tilt. Steno moves about on spiffy heels and marriages plunge into the Riggs Canal. The fate of the nation can be determined by the fact that the raging debate in a country that has no housing is how it happened—without the knowledge of Speaker Jeanne Sauvé—that a plush new parliamentary restaurant, reserved for mandarins, has been opened with a subsidized price of \$2.75 for a full meal, about the going rate for the pricier brands of dog food.

Ottawa, as the upper-middle-class capital of the world, where any out-of-work journalist need only turn to government largesse, is a natural for walk-to work cocktail parties where the prize is right. The populace, after a day at the Xerox machine, has the energy to party. Dances, you need food, dance

one and only leader, having to appear in February before the scrutiny of the national convention where delegates will decide whether a man who walks like a maypole can be marketed in a business that lives by television. The Tory leaders with the subject, to the exclusion of all others, can be detected by the fact that this refuse to talk about it in public. Internally, the party resembles a kind of pig fighting in a sack. It is distinguished by the fact that the president of the party, Nora Scott, 60, Bob Cason, does not like the leader of the party, Joe Clark, and goes about spreading business poise in front of him. This is known, in the assembly that passes for the Conservative philosophy, as party solidarity. (The Liberals, who do not believe in democracy but in efficiency, would never allow it.)

With visions of Dief and Camp dancing in their Christmas heads, the Canadians adjust their every political move like a klop on a pinball machine. Joe is not so much plotting a political



How to talk about drinking & driving



to your teenagers

We all know going out is fun, and no parent wants to take away those good times. But these days, with teenagers in and out of cars so much, it's crucial that they understand the dangers of drinking and driving, and that they can avert potential trouble by making the right decisions.

First, set your son or daughter straight on this often-misunderstood fact: beer, wine and spirits—in excess, all three are just as dangerous on the road.

A good way of avoiding trouble is to plan ahead. Suggest that your teenagers review their evening before going out. If they see drinking involved, far better to leave the car at home than to take chances later behind the wheel.

Far better also to say no to a drink, to refuse to drive, or to turn down a lift with an impaired friend than to go along with the crowd and maybe regret it.

You can support your teenagers and give them confidence by letting them know that if they ever need help you'll go for them, pay their cab or do whatever is necessary to get them home safely.

Most important, be a good example. Never drink if you've had even one drink too many. Better still, don't let it come to that. Know your limit and stay within it.

to your parents

If you're not of legal drinking age, don't touch a drop. But if you are, and you drive, then you're old enough to do your part in reaching an agreement with your parents on the subject.

Sure they worry. Because even if you don't drink, others in your group may. The friend driving you home one night may have had too much.

Show them that you're equally concerned. Get serious. For instance, what have you read lately about the dangers of drinking and driving? Do you know how much beer, wine or spirits your body can safely handle before your judgment becomes impaired? Do you know the law in your province? And what happens if you break it?

Get the facts and discuss them calmly. Then take the initiative and propose a few family ground rules.

No driving if you've been drinking beyond your limit. (We'll send you a valuable five chart on responsible limits if you write us.) No riding with a friend who's been drinking. And convince your parents if a situation ever turns dicey, you won't hesitate to phone for help.

Finally, remind your parents you're concerned for their safety, too, and that the family rules on drinking and driving apply to them, as well.



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